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Contents

A SPIRITUAL SEMITE: MY DEBT TO ISRAEL -	W. Patrick Morrissey	89
ANTI-DEMOCRACY - - - - -	Carl Grabo	97
A RABBI'S HOUSE - - - - -	Jacob Twersky	102
WHEN SADLY WAILS A HARP BENEATH MAN'S TREMBLING FINGERS— <i>A Poem</i> - - -	Saul Tschernikowski	106
Translated from the Hebrew by NORMAN GOLB		
ISOLATION: OLD AND NEW - - - -	Robert Morss Lovett	107
THE ESSENCE OF LIBERALISM - - -	Richard C. Hertz	111
THE FUTURE OF JEWISH MUSIC - - -	Leon Stein	115
THE HEAVY SPENDER— <i>A Short Story</i> - - -	Louis Zara	118
A NOTE ON ARTHUR KOESTLER - - -	Lillian Mermin Feinsilver	125
'TIS HAGAR, MY LOVE— <i>A Poem</i> - - -	Sekwyn S. Schwartz	129
THE CREATIVE LIFE OF SIMON DUBNOV - -	Sophie Dubnov Erlich	130
WASHINGTON NOTES - - - - -	Murray Frank	136
WEST COAST LETTER - - - - -	Carey McWilliams	142
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -		146-158

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A Spiritual Semite: My Debt to Israel

By W. PATRICK MORRISSEY

|| N ONE of his repeated protests and denunciations of the mistreatment and killing of Jews in Hitler's Germany, and of the many anti-Jewish demonstrations breaking out in other countries of Europe, Pope Pius XI made a statement which should have been made long ago and more properly recognized by Christians in general, both Catholic and Protestant. He said: "We are all spiritual semites." By this statement the Pope very properly and concisely recognized the spiritual debt of all Christianity to Israel, who gave us not only the portion of the Bible which we call the Old Testament, but also gave to us the One on whose life and teachings the part of our Bible we call the New Testament is based. It is at least heartening to know that in our day more and more sincere high-minded Christians have openly recognized this spiritual heritage of ours from the Hebrews, each saying it in his own way. I have never read the little book by the Catholic philosopher Jacques Maritain called "A Catholic looks at the Jew", but I feel that it is time that I too, who am a Catholic layman interested in various studies, should try to set forth something of what I feel to be my own debt to Israel, not only as regards the Scriptures but in other aspects of my cultural experience.

When I was a small child, I do not recall having heard of the Jews at all until one day when a man came to our house and either wanted to sell something or asked to stay all night. I myself did not hear what he said, for my mother talked to him outside; but I remember that when he went away, she told us that he was

"some old Jew peddler," and that was, for my brother and sisters old enough to have seen the man and noticed his appearance, the unconsciously-sewn seed of a prejudice which they held for many years and which, in some measure at least, some of them still hold. For me, whose blindness since birth prevented me from seeing the man's face and dress, there was an entirely different reaction. I wanted to know what my mother meant by "Jew peddler," and I kept pestering her until she told me that Jews were a dark-complected people who either went through the country carrying a pack on their backs and trying to sell things to people or to trade them for old iron or rags, or else owned some of the stores in our big cities.

This was some time before I went to school, and I do not recall having heard anything more about the Jews until after I started to learn other things in school. Then someone told us in class that Jesus was a Jew, and I remember that when, one day at home, my mother told me we had a picture of the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, in the house, I asked her if they were dark-complected, and she seemed to be rather shocked, or at least quite surprised. I insisted that since they were Jews, and she had told me that Jews were dark-complected, then the Holy Family would have to look that way too. I don't remember how my mother put an end to my questioning, but I do recall that my interest in the Jews was, if anything, rather heightened than lessened by whatever she may have done. It is not that my mother was consciously

anti-Jewish any more than was my father. They were simply common, generally honest people of Irish ancestry who were in their own way repeating some of the old ideas they had picked up from others, perhaps even a little from their Irish-born parents, who probably never even took the trouble to think very seriously about any of the things they themselves had heard about Jews.

I am glad to say that both my mother and father, before their death, had modified their earlier prejudice against the Jewish people to a considerable degree, and I believe that some of my own efforts had at least something to do in bringing about this change of mental attitude on the part of my parents. If so, it was because by that time I myself had begun to speak out against the general, unthinking prejudice entertained against the Jews by so many of us, and because of some of the things I had learned and read, including even much of the New Testament, I had some authoritative sources to back my own attitude toward the Jew.

As I think of it now, I am inclined to smile at the attitude of some of our teachers at the school for the blind which I attended. Like many other Protestant Christians of their generation and of the generation before them, they were, in the main, almost slavishly fond of the Bible and loved to think of its marvelous stories and its magnificent language as things which were too sacred to change in any way whatever. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were spiritual heroes to them; but if anyone happened to remind them that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were also Jews, they often hastened to assure the reminding one that "they weren't like the Jews of today," or words to that effect. There were occasions on which some of them would remind us innocents, moreover, that whatever may have been the attitude of the Patriarchs and of David and Solomon, however well they may have followed the laws of God and His

revelations to them in person, we were to remember that later on "the Jews killed Christ," and this it was which had brought God's curse down upon them forever. Thus did I learn, in its more definite form, one of the most harmful statements of a historic tragedy which has divided Jews and Christian through the ages. And yet, because of the fact that I knew from these same teachers that Jesus Himself was a Jew and that His first followers were Jews, I continued, in the depths of my own soul and growing mind, to feel a very definite interest in the Jewish people and a lasting wish to know more about them—their history, their customs, their language, anything I could find out about them from any reliable source. It may be that as time elapsed and I learned more about the history of my own Irish ancestors, I realized that in some respects the Irish and the Jews had a common basic experience, since both, had been made to suffer for their faith, both had been oppressed and dispersed from their native land in large numbers, and both had in many places been officially forbidden the use of their own language. I will speak of the comparative result of the Hebrew and the Gaelic revival later; but here I wish to say that I think it was the realization of this historic similarity which, instead of lessening my interest in the Jewish people, only tended to strengthen and deepen it. I know that when the end of the First World War came and we heard much about the independence of both Ireland and Palestine, I was a passionate upholder of both causes, in my boyish way, and that while I could do nothing to help either cause in a financial or practical manner, I certainly managed at times to get myself somewhat disliked by others because of my often verbose defense of both. By that time, too, I had begun to read both the Old and New Testament for myself when at school, besides listening to them read in our daily chapel exercises, and such reading only stimulated my interest.

I am not one of those who can readily recall almost every text of Scripture they have read; but when I found in Deuteronomy expression something like "May he be cursed in his going out and in his coming in," or "May he be blessed in his going out and in his coming in," and similar specific blessings or curses, I was strongly reminded of some of the phrases my own mother used at times, and some which I knew to come directly from the Gaelic language itself. I found other figures of speech and turns of phrase which, often times from a rather literal translation of the Hebrew, gave me a similar impression.

In reading the New Testament, I am glad to say that whenever I read the account of the trial and death of Jesus, I was filled more often with a sense of pity than of anger or hate against the people who had, through their official leaders, rejected Him and His claims to divinity. I often used, in trying to refute the arguments of others against the Jews, the statement that while many, too many Christians seemed able to remember that some of the people and their leaders said "His blood be on us and on our children," far too many Christians forgot that it is also written that Jesus Himself, when raised on the cross, said "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I use here the older translation because of the more general familiarity with it; but in some of our newer versions, it is equally clear: "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing." In reading the Epistle of St. James and the Apocalypse, or Revelation, I was conscious even in those days that both were full of Hebrew overtones and figures of speech, and when I read from some of the Epistles of St. Paul I felt that here was a man who was conscious of his Jewish upbringing and was trying, at times with difficulty of self-expression, to harmonize that with what had happened within him in later years. I did not feel any greater hostility toward the Jewish

people by reading the Pauline epistles, although I am well aware that some Christians have felt otherwise, and that many Jewish thinkers feel that the Apostle of the Gentiles did his own people much harm indeed and even misrepresented them to the Roman world. I do not know why I could not feel this way, unless it be that I was always conscious of the fact that the New Testament was written chiefly by Jews and that all its leading characters were Jewish, and that in meeting a Jew today I was meeting one of the same nation that had given us Jesus, the Apostles, St. Paul who was Saul of Tarsus, and others mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. I never discussed this attitude very much with anyone else, and from what I heard from some of my teachers and acquaintances of those days, I am glad I did not.

In the spring of 1922, at the end of May and through most of June, I was a patient at the State University Hospital in Iowa City, and while there I made the acquaintance of two Jews, one born in this country and the other in the Russian Ukraine. The latter was only a few months in America at the time and was trying to learn English as best he could through conversation with people who would talk to him. I confess I felt a thrill when my hospital room-mate told me about the Jews, because now, I felt, I would have a chance to find out some things I wanted to know and find them out first-hand, so to speak. My room-mate had been imbued with the old prejudice against the Jews based on the accusation that they had killed Christ, and on little else, so that we had a rather hot argument while eating dinner; but that afternoon or the next day, I was allowed to go outside and I met the two men of Israel, if I may turn a bit poetic, and our relations were of the best from the beginning. I remember how the Russian-born Jew used to come to me with a certain eagerness, after he found out that I already knew a few words of Hebrew, and in or-

der to let me know he was near, he would say, "Aleph, aleph." Later on, after I had asked him to sing for me some of the Hebrew songs he knew, and had learned the melodies from him by humming or whistling them until I had them, he sometimes used one of these, humming or whistling a few notes of it when he saw me sitting outside and was coming over to me. He told me this tune was to a song about Joshua, whose name he pronounced something like "Yisheeah." Sometimes, when we had trouble understanding one another, he would call out "Sam! Sam!" and the young American Jew would come over and, having heard what our difficulty was, would serve as interpreter from Yiddish to English or from English to Yiddish. One day this young man talking privately to me, said that the other man wanted to find out something and didn't know how to ask me. He said Mr. Cohen couldn't quite understand how it was that I, being a Christian, was so much interested in the Jews, in their Hebrew language, in their music, etc., and had asked Sam to find out from me why it was. Sam explained to me that this was especially hard for the other man to grasp because, as he put it, "The Christians in Russia, where he and my own father came from, didn't show that kind of interest in our people—you probably know that." He then told me of some of the things they used to do to pester and embarrass the Jews, and mentioned, among other things, that in one place, he did not know when it was, the Russians had killed a Jew and thrown his body into the Jewish quarter of the city, and as it was the Passover season, had taunted the Jews by telling them to use his blood to sprinkle on their door posts, and similar things. When he asked the other man, Mr. Cohen, where this had happened, the latter said "Kiev—Kiev," and I remember that his voice trembled when he said it.

I heard other things from these men, especially from the young American Jew,

Sam, who said his father had told him some of them. I learned years later, in conversation with a Jewish rabbi who was teaching at the State University of Iowa when I myself was studying there, that one of the stories Sam's father had told him was evidently taken from the strange, weird collection of tales called the "Toldoth Yeshua," to which no serious or educated Jew of today gives any credence or pays any respect. The story was to the effect that Jesus had His miraculous power because he had obtained by stealth, from the inner sanctuary of the Temple in Jerusalem, a certain little rod on which was written the Ineffable Name, and whoever had this in his possession was able to do anything he wished because of the power of the Name. Sam said his father told him that the Temple was destroyed by the Romans because of the fact that Jesus had stolen this sacred rod and it had never been recovered afterward. The lad himself did not seem to give much credence to this tale, and only argued that if Jesus were the Messiah, then the Christians had no right to condemn the Jews for giving Him up to be crucified, because, as he reminded me and himself, the Prophets had foretold that the Messiah was to be rejected, and to suffer death, before Israel was delivered. Sam was willing to tell me this, he said, after he found out that I myself held no blame against the Jews for the crucifixion, though my reasoning was based on somewhat different premises from his. I remembered practically all that these two men had told me, as well as the six melodies I had learned from the older one, Cohen, and years later, when I played or hummed some of these for a few Jewish boys from New York City whom I met at the State University of Iowa, one of them said he thought the melodies were sung to what he called "table songs." I remember that Cohen had told me that of these songs, one was about Moses, another about Joshua, another about the three Patriarchs, Abra-

ham, Isaac, and Jacob, and another about Solomon, "how he was very smart man," as he put it in his inadequate English. I also learned that another of the six melodies which he had taught me was "Hattikvah," and indeed this was the first of the melodies I heard from him when I asked him if he knew any songs in Hebrew. The sixth song I have not yet had identified for me, though I believe it is a rather well-known Jewish tune, because I recognized the first part of it as having been used as the basic melody in a popular song of some years before called "Palestina." I am quite sure that any well-educated Jew, who is also unashamedly acquainted with the ways and the songs of his people, could tell me what it is. At any rate, the meeting with those two men at the hospital was my first real unhampered contact with Jews, and because I had some idea of what I wanted to find out from them, I made the most of the opportunity afforded me.

For the next few years, my interest in things Jewish remained, but apart from a few sporadic stimuli it was not kept alive by any special studies or reading. However, in the fall of 1931, this was changed, and through a special medium. The Jewish Braille Institute of America, Inc., with offices in New York City, had begun the publication of a braille monthly magazine, *The Jewish Braille Review*, edited by Leopold Dubov. When I read of this in another braille magazine, I told myself that here was, at last, a medium through which I might learn much about the Jewish people, their beliefs, customs, history, etc., in short, something about Jewish life in general, past and present. Since it had been announced that the magazine was to be given free to Jewish and non-Jewish blind readers throughout the world, I sent for a sample copy, and I have been reading it ever since. While I did not agree with everything that it has published, especially with some of the articles reprinted by permission from other Jewish periodicals in English, I felt

from the beginning, and still feel, that the *Jewish Braille Review* was and still is one of the best cultural magazines we have in braille, either in this country or in England. Mr. Dubov has always tried, I think, to give us opinions on most subjects from various points of view, even when he knew that the subjects were controversial in nature; and he has, most considerately and tolerantly, reprinted in the magazine some of the letters from readers bearing on these subjects, even when some of the writers of those letters were rather discourteously personal and at times downright insulting. Like many other thoughtful yet sensitive Jews, who have endured insults down the ages, I think Mr. Dubov has learned how to be patient, and to try to understand even when he could not conscientiously agree with the opinions of many who wrote to him. This is a lesson in real tolerance which I think many of us outsiders could learn from Israel.

Another treasure house of information was opened up to me and to all who would avail themselves of it by the Jewish Braille Library, also sponsored by the Jewish Braille Institute of America. Most of the braille volumes in this library have been transcribed by volunteer transcribers, and what they have made available to braille readers who wish to learn about the Jewish people or, if Jews themselves, to stimulate their inner Jewish life, is very much to their credit indeed. From this library I have read books on Jewish history, Jewish folklore, some Biblical exegesis, and stories of various types written by Jewish authors, and from all of these I feel I have learned something worth learning.

Certainly one of the most valuable services rendered to me and to many others by the Jewish Braille Institute of America has been the opportunity, at last, to study Hebrew through the medium of braille. When I was still a lad at school and used to hear the Bible read during the Chapel services there, I remember that whenever I heard, or later read, any passage of the

Bible beginning: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Speak unto the Children of Israel and say to them," etc., I used to say to myself, "What did it sound like in their language?" That was one of the reasons why I had long wished to learn something about Hebrew, even if possible to study the language itself; and therefore, when the International Hebrew Braille Code was worked out and adopted, and books for study began to be available at the Jewish Braille Library, I gladly took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded me. No longer would I have to hesitate because I could find nobody who could read the ordinary printed Hebrew characters. Now I could find out for myself what was the difference between the -im and -oth endings found in some words I had read in the Bible, and many other things I wanted to know. Not only that, but I knew that now I might dare to hope that some day I might be privileged to read some of the Hebrew Bible in braille also.

In this hope, I have not been disappointed. Only this spring, the Jewish Braille Institute of America celebrated the completion of a work which took five years in the doing—the printing of the entire Hebrew Bible in braille. It is available not only from the Jewish Braille Library in New York but also from a few other libraries for the blind in the United States, and, what means infinitely more to some of its readers, Mr. Dubov has made gifts of the Hebrew Braille Bible, in twenty large volumes, to many individual blind readers here and in Israel, and I believe also in England, and some of these individual recipients are non-Jews. I know that he wishes he might make it a gift to a few others also, if available funds would only permit.

It would be quite impossible for me to tell all the pleasure and benefit I have derived from the study of Hebrew and from the reading of portions of the Bible in the original; but I wish to make a few remarks which may give some idea of it.

I should also mention that I have done practically all of my Hebrew study without any aid except a few hints given me in letters by friendly correspondents such as Dr. Moses Jung, the rabbi who used to teach in the School of Religion at the State University of Iowa, and Rabbi Harry J. Brevis of New York City and Dr. Simha Rubinstein, author of "Elements of Hebrew," one of the texts I studied in braille. These kindly hints had to do chiefly with pronunciation of the modern Sephardic Hebrew used in Palestine. I had what Dr. Jung rightly called "the explorer's thrill" in finding out for myself the original Hebrew form of the Bible names of people and places. I had also the satisfaction of discovering that although the two languages are quite different as to basic origin, there are in the Hebrew and the Gaelic some idiomatic expressions which, word for word, are identical. In reading the Hebrew Bible so far, I have not found any real basis for the often-heard statement that the God of the ancient Hebrews was essentially a vengeful deity who was only waiting His chance to kill or harm those who did not do His will—a sort of glorified "oriental despot" as I heard one college professor call Him on more than one occasion. I have been led to marvel and to rejoice at the manner in which the modern Jews, in their sincere efforts to make Hebrew the living language of Palestine, have coined words for modern things and ideas, chiefly from native Hebrew roots. As one to whose heart the Gaelic is rather close, and who has been interested in the attempt to revive scholars have succeeded in doing somewhat the same for their ancestral language; but when I compare the result of their efforts with that of the Jewish efforts to revitalize Hebrew, I frankly give the palm of praise to the Jews, and find myself often quite exasperated by those Irishmen who, though loudly proclaiming Ireland's right to rule her own destiny, are yet definitely hostile to those among them who, realizing its

place in their historic culture, have tried to revitalize the Irish language. It is fortunate for modern Israel, using the name both in its generic and its political sense, that Hebrew has been, throughout the long age of dispersion, the sacred language of the Jewish people. This fact has had a great deal to do in keeping the language always alive, in a certain sense, and thus making it possible for modern Jewish scholars, Zionists and others vitally interested, to bring back to Hebrew the respect due to any living language, and even making possible the study of mathematics and science through the medium of Hebrew. These are a few of the thoughts which my own yet imperfect knowledge of the language has stimulated in me, and I freely own my gratitude to the Jewish Braille Institute of America for making it possible for me to have studied some of the true language of Israel, the truly common tongue of Jews through the long years from ancient times to the present.

In the spring of 1919, I heard a recording of the "Hebrew Melody," by Joseph Achron, as played by the violinist Jascha Heifitz. From that day to this, I have retained a definite interest in the traditional music of the Jews, as well as of the other chief Semitic peoples, the Syrians and the Arabs. Whenever I read in school some of the chapters of Leviticus dealing with ceremonial rites, especially with the rites of sacrifice, I used to hear the strains of the first part of Achron's "Hebrew Melody" in my mind. There is, in many of the Jewish traditional songs, especially their liturgical music, a certain quality which I think I can best describe by saying that it expresses a combination of poignant longing and ardent hope. The peculiar intervals used in much of Hebrew, Syrian, Egyptian and other Arabic music which I have heard, has a fascination for me which I know it has not for many other westerners who have studied music, and least of all for those who feel that nobody has left to the world any

worthwhile music except the German and Italian composers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. I suppose it would require the experience of belonging to a minority group, in one way or another, to enable an outsider, that is, a non-Jew, to appreciate the pathos and the beauty of the "Kol Nidre" or of the Hebrew Yiddish "Eli, Eli"; but I belong, in a sense, to two minority groups in this country, and in some places I have been made to feel at times that I belonged to three, for I am of Irish descent, a Roman Catholic, and blind, and I have been in association at one time or another with persons who, consciously or unconsciously, have made me feel definitely the stigma of being of one or other of these minorities. At any rate, I feel and deeply appreciate the note of pathos, longing, and hope which permeates much of Jewish music, and I catch also the zest, the joyous abandon, expressed by some of the more lively Jewish melodies based on that same scale of intervals which is to be found in other Semitic and Oriental music. Perhaps it is the long residence of Jews and Moors in Spain which gave a similar character to some of the authentic Spanish folk music as well. I do not doubt it.

I have tried to tell something of my own debt to Israel and to individual Jews and Jewish groups. I think it is only proper to make a few remarks regarding the debt of western culture in general to Israel, even though some of the remarks may sound trite or at least obvious. We all owe to Israel the revelation of the one eternal God, through the Bible, handed down to us through the Apostles and first Christian teachers, through the labor of monks and other scholars in the Middle Ages, to the work of scholars of more modern times, scholars of Scripture some of whom are Catholic and some non-Catholic. It is a deplorable fact that some groups, identifying themselves with the spirit of the Hebrews of the Old Testament, have been only too willing to exclude the descendants of those very He-

brews from the benefits which these later self-styled Israelites claimed for themselves. Christians, as a whole, have yet much to learn from the Hebrew Prophets of old and from the Jews of today, if they will only take the time and trouble to try to find out what it is which has helped Israel to survive through the long years of the un-Christ-like hatred and calumny of those who profess to follow their Christ. I think we can do this without in any way departing from our own basic tenets of belief and practice, and I would like to express this idea by giving a few concrete examples of how I think we may come to a more respectful appreciation of our Christian heritage from Israel.

I have already mentioned the Biblical heritage, and will not labor that point further. It is one shared by Catholic and Protestant Christians alike. I believe that a sincere Catholic can, and should, be able to appreciate and to respect a sincere Jew more readily than most of us do, because we have some things in common with Israel which the majority of Protestant Christians do not share. We have our fasts and feasts, and so have the Jews. We have a ceremonial liturgy, wherein each rite has its special significance and appropriate accompanying prayers, and so have the Jews, especially the conscientious, orthodox Jews. We set great store not only by Scripture for our beliefs and doctrines, but also by the tradition of the Church throughout the centuries. The Jews also have their century-old traditions, which, as embodied in the Talmud, have had for many of them an authority almost equal to that of the Torah itself, because many of the Talmudic traditions and teachings based on them are but explanations of and commentaries on the Torah. Without in any way denying or minimizing the differences between us in doctrine and in point of view, I think that these similarities, and perhaps others which could be cited, should help Catholic Christians to realize that they owe much to Israel in a spiritual and cultural sense,

and also that rather than continuing to keep alive the old bitterness based often on a misinterpretation of portions of our New Testament but also on reading only parts of its story or emphasizing them, we should feel a respectful sympathy with, and honest admiration for, the people who have heroically kept the faith of their forefathers in the reality of the Living God, and have kept faithful to their traditional ceremonies and practices, as a whole, despite persecution through many centuries from the very Christians who owed so much to them.

From my own experience I believe that a conscientious Jew and a conscientious, sincere Catholic can understand and appreciate one another more readily than a Jew and an average Protestant Christian. As proof of the possible respect based on the similarities mentioned above, I wish to say that often, when eating supper at the house of the Jewish rabbi whom I have mentioned previously, I freely made the sign of the cross and said my prayer before the meal, and the rabbi and his wife told me they were glad to see this sign of my sincere belief in what I professed. When the rabbi said the usual prayer in Hebrew before the meal, I remained respectfully silent, but glad that we had this mutual respect for each other's different religious tenets and practices. I think it was due to our understanding of our common heritage in Israel.



Anti-Democracy

By CARL GRABO

FOR THE MOST PART we inherit our political attitudes as we do our religion and these are strengthened by the society in which we live. Born in the South we are almost certain to be Democrats and believers in White Supremacy. In the rural North the chances are that we will be Republican in politics and profess belief in a system of free enterprise. But whether born in the North or the South we alike believe in the democratic form of government, without knowing very clearly what it is or the philosophical basis on which it rests. When that basis is attacked by those of other beliefs we have usually nothing very powerful in the way of argument to bring to our defense. We, in effect, assert no more than that we believe in democracy because we always have believed in it. It suits us. It is the American way of life.

This in reality is a very good argument though unsupported by syllogisms or the evidence of history. If by far the greater part of a human society likes its way of life we have reason to suppose it a good way of life for that society. And if it admits that its way of life though good could be improved and that it intends to improve it after debating the matter with the neighbors, that is a very good order of society, especially if the way to improvement is to be had by orderly processes.

In a peaceable world where every country left its neighbors alone it should be possible for several kinds of political orders to exist side by side, and were the citizens of these diverse states willing to live and let live, there need be no violent

clash of warring ideologies and no resolve of one powerful state to make the whole world fascist, or communist, or theocratic. Clearly we do not live in so reasonable a world and societies which assert their superiority over others menace the security of the democratic way of life. They threaten our very existence. It is therefore necessary that if we genuinely believe in democracy we find valid reasons for our belief, both to counter arguments leveled against it and to strengthen ourselves intellectually in support of our emotional convictions.

Political convictions and philosophies are for the most part emotional at bottom. The fact that we live in a democratic society and inherit certain superficial loyalties does not alone make us truly democratic. In times of crisis we may betray our deeper and unadmitted affiliations and prove to be, under whatever name, believers in authoritarianism, the domination by a few of the many; whether this few be a gang of racketeers—a *fuehrer* and his gunmen—or a politburo of a dozen men, or an ecclesiastical hierarchy, or a plutocracy.

Our spiritual alignment under pressure, whether proletarian or aristocratic, is due less to the circumstances of our birth than to native temperament. A poor boy born to hunger and dirt in a tenement may rise, and not infrequently does rise, to wealth and eminence, hating the class from which he emerged and ruthless in his relations to it. Whereas men born to wealth and position have sometimes been champions of the oppressed and led them to an improvement of their lot. Such

instances are not unknown to recent history and patricians who have thus betrayed their class have been hated by it. It is a matter of the heart not of the brain, and the philosophy of a man, whatever his professed affiliations or normal adherence to party is when put to the test quickly perceived. The liberal betrays himself and so, too, the reactionary, in every utterance. One need read only a few pages of the literary judgments of Irving Babbitt, or T. S. Eliot, or the philosophy of Santayana, to know with certainty their alignments political and religious. We would be aware of Eliot's reactionary, perhaps fascist, political philosophy, and his adherence to some intolerant and bigoted religious faith. A man is made pretty much in one piece. If he is humane, his words and acts reveal him to be so. If he is a pharisee it is soon evident.

There is, then, this natural division of men between those who have faith in the ultimate redemption of humanity, its ability to find its way, however gropingly, to a better kind of life and to choose proper leaders to this end, and those who dislike or hate their kind, these not infrequently being prelates who, in behalf of their order and to vindicate their faith, would condemn half of mankind to hell, if thereby their church might triumph.

The ultimate division of men into democrats and aristocrats is then considerably a matter of innate proclivity, of inborn feeling, and self interest, something which no argument and probably no educational discipline can greatly modify. For there are worldly and obvious reasons which lead men to profess aristocratic beliefs or by their deeds proclaim their contempt of the mass. Chief of all is the desire for power, the wish to feel superior to common men, to make them obey the will of one. There is in this, however disguised, however noble the professed motive for dominance, something sadistic. We wish to see others in some way debased before us. If we feel ourselves superior to them

do we not debase them? Do they not hate us for it?

That all power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely, is the observation of historians and students of mankind. Therein lies the answer to all arguments in behalf of political absolutism, of rule by king, by church, by wealth, of domination of the many by the few under whatever name or form. Democracy fumbles and blunders along. It is betrayed by demagogues, false prophets, unprincipled politicians, and stuffed shirts. It is the victim of propaganda, lies, and misinformation. It is selfish, for it is made up of selfish men. But it can also be generous, as even selfish men can sometimes be generous. In its heart it knows its sins and weaknesses. And being human it aspires to something better than it is and believes that it, individually and in its corporate form, the state, can improve, perhaps at some far time achieving Utopia.

The worst enemies of democracy are the apostates from democracy; those who once believed, or thought they believed, in it but whom democracy betrayed. It is the test of faith to believe even when betrayed. Mankind in general, the world over, under whatever and all forms of government has in our time betrayed the idealists who thought man had risen above mass murder, race hatred, and unmentionable cruelties. And these idealists, if believers in democracy, were outraged that men purportedly of their own faith shared in these horrors. Not only were men misled by the Kaiser or Hitler or Mussolini, but democratic peoples freely supported leaders who shared the abominations and the responsibility of war and ruthless suppression.

It is a common observation that the liberals and socialists of the first world war became the most embittered reactionaries and conservatives of the ensuing period—the disappointed liberals. As it is likewise to be observed that the reformed Communist of the present era becomes a violent fascist under whatever name he

calls himself. When you lose faith in mankind as a whole you call upon the select few to save it from its follies, from its self destruction. Who are to constitute this few? It may be the wealthy, the powerful, the Ku Klux Klan, the N.A.M., some synod representative of white Protestant nordics, or the Catholic church as guided and its policies determined by its bishops, archbishops, and cardinals. Mankind cannot save itself the liberal apostate believes. It must be saved by the few, who and just how is not clear. But force is to be employed in the seizure of power and coercion in its enforcement. Idealists betrayed by mankind's wars, lynchings, pogroms, and all the rest of its weaknesses and bestialities cry the loudest for this remedy for human ills. They point with complete historical inaccuracy to some supposed golden age when a beneficent ruler, a kindly aristocracy, or some world embracing church guided man in spiritual ways to peace, subduing his lower nature. Land of cockayne which never was and which never will be under any domination by the few! The only few—is it the thirty-six just men for whose sake God spares the world?—who could aid mankind would never be chosen to rule. Nor would they, being just and wise, ever wish to rule, knowing that power corrupts.

I doubt that any reasoned argument, any citation from history, or any accumulation of scientific facts in refutation of the aristocratic theory of government will ever convert one of its fanatical adherents. They are beyond the reach of argument. Nor will any appeal to their better natures and kindly emotions avail. They have few kindly emotions and probably no better natures. Fanatics and bigots, whether political or religious, are beyond human aid. Nevertheless there is in the educational process of the young a time in which an appeal to reason and the best human emotions is persuasive with a few. Adolescent boys and girls in the later high-school and early college years

are impressionable. With some proportion of them—ten percent perhaps?—something can be done and thereon turns considerably the fate of mankind.

On them historical and scientific fact and processes of reason are persuasive if they are guided by generous and humane emotions and a competent teacher can, at this stage of their lives, mould their minds, preparing them to be leaders of thought in their communities, a civilizing and a humanizing influence. It is to this end that I should like to recommend a book which provides very admirably, a store-house of information and argument with which to refute those who attack the democratic dogma with the specious pleas of the nazi and the fascist. The book, by Davis Spitz, is entitled *Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought*.*

Defenders of authoritarianism have numbered several eminent thinkers from Plato to Burke to Santayana and many more less eminent inspired with baser motives than theirs, from the apologists for the Greek tyrants, to Irving Babbitt, and H. L. Mencken. Thinkers of the French Revolutionary period, Rousseau, Paine, and William Godwin argued persuasively the inadequacies of the various forms of tyranny—monarchic, aristocratic, oligarchic, and theocratic—but the substance of their thought has to be repeated in new forms with every generation, for the historic conflict is renewed in each age. The period of the French Revolution is repeated in our own with striking correspondences despite the differences due to the economic and other changes which a century has brought. Basically the conflict is the same, between those who place their hope in the democratic ideal and political organization and those who believe in rule by a select minority or a dictator. The lesson of history, which is that no monarchical or dictatorial form of government remains benevolent in intent and that no aristo-

* *Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought*, by David Spitz. The Macmillan Co. 304 pp. \$4.50

cracy ever remains long an aristocracy in the true sense—that is, government by the best—has to be relearned with every generation. For each generation looks wistfully to the past where, in some age, it believes government was better than it is with them.

The conflict of the French Revolution was repeated in Victorian times in less violent terms. In English thought the opposing philosophies are expressed in the works of Carlyle and Mill. Carlyle, the disappointed radical, became the eloquent pleader for leadership, leadership by an aristocracy, of captains of industry, or by some usurping dictator—Sir Robert Peele being his nominee for the latter who happily died too soon to attempt the role. The lengths to which Carlyle's fanaticism led is evident in the historic case of Governor Eyre, the brutal governor of Jamaica, whose hangings of leaders of revolt led to a parliamentary investigation. Carlyle was wholeheartedly in support of the governor in his tyrannical exercise of authority. Mill led those who condemned it.

Carlyle's was an influential voice in his day and, subsequently, fascist apologists in Italy and nazi philosophers in Germany derived aid and comfort from his writings. His ghost, if cognizant of current history, must be appalled at the consequences of the philosophy to which he contributed. A man whose eloquence was greater than his intelligence, he could not have believed that words would work such harm as in the mouths of his spiritual disciples, Hitler and Mussolini. A writer is apt to believe, if not particularly successful, that his words affect nobody and become reckless in their use. Carlyle should have held some executive and responsible position, one in which he was curbed of reckless speech. It would have been educative and taught him some of the facts of political society.

Carlyle's is a waning influence we trust, and his works largely destined to the limbo of forgotten books. It is cheering to note that Mill's works retain their

original lustre. His *Liberty* remains a classic, its argument as persuasive as ever. That this is so is evident in the rage and sneers which it evokes in our contemporary fascists. The literary clique of T. S. Eliot and his followers professes contempt for Mill as for all of the liberal Victorians. Like Carlyle this clique finds its spiritual home in a Middle Age that never existed. It will pass, as all such atavistic reverberations pass. It need only be seen for what it is, one of the ever recurrent phases of obscurantism—political, literary, and religious. But it can, nevertheless, be harmful in its day.

Professor Spitz's book is in the tradition of Godwin and Mill and so, I believe, destined for a long and honorable life. What he has done need hardly be done again in our generation save as his ideas are diluted for popular consumption. For his book will scarcely be popular in the accepted sense. It is too compact, too closely reasoned, and too logical to be easy reading for many. He has chosen to appeal to those who can enjoy fairly stiff reading. Probably it is a wise choice. The book will have a longer life than if more popularly and emotionally written and will influence better minds. Professor Spitz writes in the tradition of Mill but it is no condemnation of his excellently written book that it has not the luminous clarity of Mill's style. Who among Mill's successors in the fields of political and economic thought has been his equal as a stylist?

Specifically *Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought* takes up methodically, one by one, all the current opponents of democratic theory who are in any degree important and analyzes them and their arguments, bringing out both their mishandling of facts and their logical fallacies. His exposure of them leads to considerable excursion into the past, for the present day apologists for tyranny and aristocracy merely repeat arguments that have had their vogue from the times of Homer and Plato to our own. New facts or alleged

facts, the facts of science or the perversions of pseudoscience, are the only contributions of our day to old and out-worn theories. These Professor Spitz systematically and patiently controverts one by one with the best evidence which modern social science has to offer.

It will suffice to list some of the writers whose works Professor Spitz analyzes, and whose arguments he refutes. Among them are: James Burnham, Irving Babitt, George Santayana, Lawrence Dennis, Ralph Adams Cram, Madison Grant, E. M. Sait, as chief defenders of anti-democratic theory. Among the theses advanced which, rather than the men who proffer them, it is his concern to examine and judge, are these: The Ruling Class as Organizational Necessity; The Ruling Class as Conspiracy of Power; The Undesirability of Democracy; The Concept of the Best; the Concept of Racial Aristocracy; The Concept of Biological Aristocracy; The Concept of Natural Aristocracy; Authority and the Restrictive Way of Life.

Those of us who are by nature and conviction believers in democracy and its way of life, however aware of its imperfections and limitations, are apt to be impatient with those who, whether for unworthy ends or out of honest conviction, proffer some other political philosophy. Their arguments seem not worth answering and we are aware, too, that little we can say will influence them one whit, that logic will not controvert their illogic, nor kindly sentiment divert them from their spleen. It is nevertheless true that they must be answered and their false arguments and alleged facts be met by the true facts, this for the enlightenment of those of right feeling who may otherwise be confused and misled and to comfort and strengthen those wavering in their democratic faith. For this purpose Professor Spitz's book is an arsenal stocked with the proper munitions.

It is not, however, an emotional book. Its strength derives from its cool and

patient analysis, its almost too careful analysis of arguments which are specious and prejudiced. We could wish at times a more passionate note. There is no question that the author feels deeply in these matters but that he has his emotions carefully under control. Perhaps the over emotionalism of his opponents, the rabid haters of democracy, has let him to be so restrained. The following excerpt is from the author's thoughtful and temperate conclusion:

. . . Democracy, alone of the forms of state, provides the necessary mechanism for its own conviction. Since men are fallible and problems many and diverse, judgments are bound at times to be erroneous. Since the exercise of power is dangerous and the possession of power corrupts, abuses are certain to follow. These are consequences common to all governments, democratic and oligarchic alike. But in the one case there is no recourse short of revolution. In the other there is the constant and free play of critical opinion which, not at the grace of the ruler but as an indispensable constitutional device, shapes and is free to correct the policies of the state, installs and is able to remove the temporary governors of men. In this way men become not the tools of others but the masters of themselves. What they think and say and do matters, and matters profoundly. It is not, as in oligarchy, cause for suppression or neglect. In this way the unhampered organization of conflicting ideas, far from weakening the democratic state, strengthens it; for it ensures that each man is given both the opportunity to influence the making of decisions and the freedom to press for their recall, a freedom which enlists rather than rebuffs the sentiments and loyalties of men.

They are an ancient people, a famous people, an enduring people, and a people who in the end have generally attained their objects. I hope Parliament may endure forever, and sometimes I think it will; but I cannot help remembering that the Jews have outlived Assyrian Kings, Egyptian Pharaohs, Roman Ceasars, and Arabian Caliphs.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

A Rabbi's House

By JACOB TWERSKY

OUR HOUSE was a center for American Jews who, under the leadership of my father, their rabbi, struggled to maintain the *Chassidic* or pietistic traditions that had ruled their lives in Eastern Europe. They loved and respected my father, not only because of what he was himself, but also because of his rabbinical ancestry, a type of royal line among *chassidim*. And they felt it was nothing short of proper to show that love and also some of the respect to his entire family, even to me, an outspoken, moody boy. Still it was as a child that I had my deepest insight into these orthodox Jews, perhaps because I was most sensitive then. And now—since such Jews continue definitely to be part of the American Jewish community, and since not a great deal, I believe, is generally known about them—I wish to share my childhood impressions.

The house was in Brooklyn, the synagogue on the ground floor, the living quarters of the rabbi and his family on the floor above. The backyard, crisscrossed by clothes-lines and containing a single ailing ailing, was an annex to the synagogue, for here the new moon was blessed. And here the *succah* or booth for the Feast of Tabernacles was built, the *succah* in which we ate our meals during this holiday under a rustling fragrant reed roof and in which the refreshing autumn air stirred about our faces. And here, before the eve of Passover, my father gathered with the heads of the families in the congregation for the ritual burning of *Chummitz*, leavened bread. They stood on the cement under the sun in the

cool air tinged with the scent of the flowering ailing. They were all in black capotes and they all had long beards and ritual ringlets and the demeanor of primitive priests. They chanted, and the smell of burning rose into the spring air. I watched, feeling awed, forgetful of my desire to be exactly like the boys at the public school and in the street.

This street, the one before the house, was almost completely dissociated from the synagogue. There radios blared out of windows on the sabbath and holidays, men and boys passed without hats, young men and women sat spooning on the stoops. Boys fought each other or kicked empty tin cans, sending them rolling with a hollow clatter over the cracked pavement.

There were also, however, a few respectable people whose homes faced the street and these of course came to the synagogue. And the others, the rest of the congregation, came from the neighboring streets, from the streets about the small park in which there were parallel bars and gym horses for my brothers and me to work out on, from the streets about the large market which was full of shouting, gesticulating, pushing people, chiefly women, and the smells of greens and fish and fruit.

But there was one couple, Simon and Esther, a couple in their seventies who, because riding was forbidden on the sabbath, walked arm in arm more than five miles to get to our synagogue. They came all that distance every sabbath because in Poland they had known my grandfather, a *Tzaddik* or saint, a miracle-work-

er. They arrived for the late afternoon service, *Shalasudis*, at which the men sat about the long table eating and singing and afterward listening to my father preach or explain a portion of the *Torah*, the Jewish Law.

Simon naturally sat with the other men, relishing the walnuts and herring and beer and *Potatonik*, (spiced potato cake), and leading in the singing, for his was the best voice even though it was weak with age. The dwarfish fish peddler was envious of Simon's voice and every now and then tried to drown it out with his own, sounding always, no matter what he sang, as though he were shouting to the good housewives to buy fresh fish for the sabbath. But when father frowned, the peddler subsided like a frightened child, and Simon would smile and go on with the song.

Esther would chuckle to herself. She sat in the women's section, separated from the men by a muslin curtain. She was tiny and wore a ritual wig and smelled always freshly scrubbed. She rocked and whispered to herself as Simon sang, taking her pride in him.

When I was about nine, Simon died. Esther came to the synagogue on a weekday and told us and arranged with father for the saying of the *Kaddish*, the prayer for the dead. But I did not believe that Simon was dead, even though Esther now regularly came alone on the sabbath. She was more quiet, true, yet she did not look any different, and besides I had never been close to anyone before who had died. I had not actually been close to Simon either—in fact he had hardly spoken to me—but I felt as though I had known him very well. And so I missed him, though unable to believe in his death. Soon, however, I believed and was saddened. On the anniversary of his death, Esther in the synagogue wept by the twenty-four-hour long candle lit to his memory. A pale yellow little flame reminiscent of his yellowed face. Esther never came again.

Still the synagogue on the whole remained a joyful place, for *Chassidim* whenever possible must worship joyfully. Often there was dancing, initiated by someone suddenly beginning to snap his fingers rhythmically and sing one of the wordless merry tunes. The mood was infectious, and as the others caught it, they joined hands and danced about the table or altar, their voices raised in unison, their stamping feet seeming to rock the building, their shoulders, beards, every part of them in motion, their faces for the moment carefree as some children's. Someone—at times the usually dignified manufacturer of suspenders or the big-bellied sour-pickle salesman or the snuff-stained printer of Hebrew books—would pinch my cheek, sweep me up into his arms and rejoin the dancers with an expression on his face of having captured a prize.

And indeed, as I hinted previously, my brothers and I were actual prizes to these simple-hearted devout men, which did not however mean that they were lax in reprimanding us. Reb David was foremost in the reprimands, perhaps because in the conflict so common between immigrant Jewish parents and Americanized children he for one had had undoubted success. He was a tall thin patriarch of a man with four grown sons who accompanied him regularly to all the services. On *Yom Kippur*, the Day of Atonement, the old man, as was the custom, prostrated himself on the floor, but rising again was a difficult matter for his stiff joints and so he motioned to his sons and they sprang to his assistance.

Reb David felt correctly that I did not appreciate the beauty of the Jewish ritual.

"Heathens, come here. Always with the hammer and saw in the yard. Idols you're making! Come, I will tell you about beautiful things in Judaism that you can understand."

He had me collared. He continued. Thereafter he lost no opportunity to lec-

ture me, but he did it in a soft-spoken almost poetic manner, with his arm often about my shoulders. Even when engrossed in the study of the *Talmud*, sitting alone of an afternoon at the sun-drenched table in the synagogue quiet save for the ticking of the clock on the wall, even then he would call me to him, using the sing-song tone with which *Chassidim* studied the *Talmud* aloud.

He was successful, if only in part, in opening my eyes and all my other senses. To my surprise I really found beauty in the Jewish ritual: in the flaming orange and red *Chanukah* candles, the tiny sometimes fluted candles for the Feast of the Maccabees; in the heady tropical aromas of the silver spicebox that was passed around in the ceremony ushering in the new week, aromas that stirred the imagination and set me down on the islands of the East; and in the feel of the buoyant altar cloth there was pleasure too; and in the tinkling of the *Torah* bells and in the sound of the *Shofar*, ram's horn, not a beseeching wailing sound on the Day of Atonement, but to me a proud defiant cry for freedom to all peoples and to the ancient distant God. And there was beauty even in the ordinary sabbath candles and the glint of the heavy silver and light glass, and in the dry deep tang of Mount Carmel wine, and in the white robe with silver sequins and goldthreaded designs that father sometimes wore, and in the mere sound of mother's prayer.

Nevertheless I was not especially grateful to Reb David. I was more appreciative of the trinkets that Feivul, another member of the congregation, gave my brothers and me. Once he presented us with dollar watches and from then on we esteemed him as a wealthy man of the world and looked up to him accordingly. Feivul accepted our homage with dignity and pleasure and began a campaign to ingratiate himself with the rest of the family as well.

At the sermons Feivul nodded in agree-

ment to everything father said and occasionally so lost himself as to utter an enthusiastic Yes. Father did not want to show his annoyance before the others nor to embarrass Feivul; but he did suggest to him in private that in the future he should try to restrain himself more. Feivul, however, interpreted father's suggestion as a subtle sign of gratitude. Therefore only mother was left and then his conquest would be complete.

He undertook winning mother over on a Friday afternoon when she was preparing the sabbath meal. He came up into the kitchen from the synagogue, armed with an original recipe for *gefilteh* fish that called for diced apples as one of the ingredients. He begged mother to let him dice some apples for her and started searching for the apples and a knife, almost upsetting the pot of *chulint* (the potato and meat that were to stew all night). Mother whom he had dumb-founded now recovered and called wildly for father. Feivul was perplexed and alarmed. It was not easy for father to pacify mother and lead Feivul downstairs, but at last he succeeded. But that was not the end of Feivul's kindness; he remained undaunted and eager.

He was only one of father's problems. The entire congregation brought him its problems in the study at the rear of the synagogue. The men talked of business and their relations with their wives and children. The women talked of their husbands or brought utensils and meat for father's inspection and verdict as to whether the things were *kosher*.

Sometimes I sat in the shadows of the synagogue and listened to the voices in the study, father's always calm and friendly, the others varying according to the seriousness of the problem. I found out things that I did not know about marital relations, business conditions, and the widespread resentment of children at having to attend Hebrew school. But an attentive boy, one less given to day-dream-

ing than I, would have learned a great deal more.

One thing, however, I did learn thoroughly and that was a respect for the orthodox Jew's sincerity and courage. The lesson was driven home to me by a man who had consumption. One afternoon I saw him in the synagogue and for the first time considered speaking to him, because I was intrigued by his preoccupation with rolling cigarettes. A pile of them lay in the sun on the narrow bare table and he was rolling more, the smell of the fresh tobacco mingling pleasantly with the ever-present smells of snuff and wax and parchment and old books. But I stood hesitant in the doorway at the foot of the stairs descending from our living quarters. He was sick, I thought; everyone said so, and it was dangerous to go near sick people. Not even Reb David was here today; I was alone with the sick man, except for father who was hidden in the study. It was so still that I could hear father's pen scratching. It was all frightening and the shadows of the long row of benches did not help. Still I was extremely curious suddenly about cigarette rolling and I set my face and moved forward. My footsteps were loud and the clock became loud too. It was silly, I thought; the man would not hurt me. I drew up before him, but not too close.

"What are you doing?"

"Eh? Rolling cigarettes, boy, as you can very well see for yourself. Here feel one. Isn't it firm?"

"The kind papa gets in the store are firmer."

"You think you can do better? We'll let you try. Sit down."

"Right next to you! But you got consumption."

"It isn't contagious. It isn't such a bad case."

I sat down and he showed me how to work the little machine. It was fun. He watched me and lit a cigarette. He smoked and coughed.

"Why do you smoke if it makes you cough?"

"What a question! I like to; that's why."

I did not fully understand, but I understood enough somehow to feel that there was a hidden meaning in the words.

We became friends. He was a renting agent but had only enough work to keep him busy in the morning, so that he could spend many afternoons with me. He bought me an Erector Set and we played with it on the synagogue floor. He was a strange sight with his thin stooped body and brown and grey beard as he squatted beside me. Occasionally he took me to his home and played Cantor Rosenblatt's recordings. He sat entranced, listening, and when he changed records, he hummed to himself and was all smiles. His wife and grown daughters—who, like so many, had dropped the old culture without replacing it with anything of value—poked fun at his taste in music and at his orthodoxy in general.

"They are like the consumption," he once said. "You can't do anything about them either."

I remember that distinctly, the words and the sigh and the determination on his face. In fact there is no end to my remembering, not only about him, but about the whole of my childhood among *Chasidim*, so colorful and packed and impressive was the life.

Most of the time there were many people in the house. People of course came to the services, and people came to consult my father. And on some evenings there were shrill meetings of the ladies auxiliary and package parties to raise funds for the synagogue. And there were crowded weddings with lively Yiddish folk music and with father officiating under the *Chuppah* or marriage canopy and with the groom stamping upon a glass tumbler and shattering it in token of the fact that we were all in exile and that we must not forget it even at our merriest.

A host of people, my father's people,

my people. I partially, at least, understood them, was strongly attached to many of them, respected most of them. But they were different—or so I thought—from the people in the street and from the people I knew at public school and even in some ways from the boy I had become in such a short time in America. The difference troubled me: I was one of them and yet I was not; and as one of them I was set apart from the majority of people. I did not know that the majority was made up of many groups. I knew only that I did not want to be set apart as something strange. At night in bed I thought about it, seeing always in my mind the synagogue beneath me in darkness and shadow, a frightening synagogue threatening me vaguely for not being content, for concerning myself over my people's seeming difference from others. But thoughts of difference continued to trouble me and fear of retribution for them troubled me too.

Then I fell ill with appendicitis and believed that God was punishing me for my evil thoughts. After the operation I was feverish and mother told me later that I talked continually of God and beards and ritual ringlets and hats. My ranting, however, stopped shortly, for I had a dream that—as interpreted by the insight of a child—cleared everything up.

In the dream I saw again the marketplace in the town of my birth. On the cobblestones under the sun Gentile peasants with beards and hats sat behind wicker baskets of vegetables and fruit and live poultry. The men of father's congregation also sat behind such baskets. I ran among them, wanting to know which were peasants and which were pietists, but I could not tell and they themselves refused to tell me. I was tremendously relieved.

I returned with an easy mind to my father's house and to my friends, the *Chassidim*.

When Sadly Wails a Harp Beneath Man's Trembling Fingers

By SAUL TSCHERNIKOWSKI

Translated from the Hebrew by NORMAN GOLB

When sadly wails a harp beneath man's trembling fingers,
And lutestrings soft are sundered by his bitter pain,
When from sweet flutes a sea of music sighs and lingers,
And God's mysterious melodies burst forth again;

When underneath a veil of blue the desert slumbers,
The dreaming moon does roam, and silence cloaks the night,
When clouds like magic mists appear in countless numbers,
And heavy vapors weave their way through heaven's light;

When howling tempests make the cedars crack and tremble,
Advancing, flying swift in raging whirls of sand,
When earth-destroying floods of driving rain assemble,
When lightning tears the clouds and thunder shakes the land;

Then am I one with You, my pains no more repressing—
My soul, too, strives for freedom, Lord of nature vast!
My moaning sighs break forth with nature's sighs depressing,
My wounds' own blood then spills on blood of ages past.

Isolation: Old and New

By ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

A N IMPORTANT PHENOMENON in criticism and the history of language is the abundant recognition of the fact that words change their meaning and value, gaining or losing force and color according to the circumstances of the time. An illustration is afforded by the words *isolation* and *isolationist* in the United States. The connotation of these words varies in their application to personal life, to art, to politics, and the reactions to them likewise vary from special approval to deep opprobrium. The initial force in the struggle for existence, in which man finally outdistanced his rivals of the animal kingdom, was *association*, union with his fellows, and accordingly separation from them was regarded with detestation. Cain condemned himself as the first isolationist.

Isolation for the individual has always been claimed as the prerogative of the religious life. All oriental religions, so far as I know, recognize the sanctity of solitude as a means of promoting contemplation and union with the Godhead. Christianity, which was originally a social religion, soon recognized the instinct for isolation as a means of promoting religious experience. The hermits of the Thebaid were succeeded by monastic institutions, which made for a balanced life between association and solitude. The great revival of Christianity in the thirteenth century occurred when Saint Francis abandoned the monastic ideal and sent his followers to practice their faith among men.

The artist likewise has demanded seclusion, until in the modern life he

has seen the futility of the "ivory tower". Tennyson wrote his condemnation of the romantic isolation to which he was tempted, in "The Palace of Art".

A spot of dull stagnation without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
Mid onward-shaping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

In the course of history the primitive associations of families and tribes for protection and aggression, grew into larger units, cities and city states. These by their separation gained character and distinction,—Athens, Sparta, Thebes, Corinth—in their civic life and culture, and at the same time were drawn by common interests into common enterprises, such as the Trojan War. Gradually a conception of their unity as Hellas emerged, supported by a sense of isolation from the barbarian world surrounding them, a conception which grew acute with the Persian invasion. These cities were the nurseries of individuals in whom the characteristic virtues of their race became eminent. Among themselves they differed in the practice of isolation. Sparta affords an example of almost complete self-containment, its laws designed to promote military discipline to maintain its frontiers. Athens, on the contrary, while the chief factor in defending Hellas from the Persians, practiced a liberal exchange of association with the other cities of Hellas, and became the centre of their common culture. It was the attempt of Athens to extend this intellectual eminence to political control over its satellites that led to its downfall. The history of ancient

Greece, with its play between centripetal and centrifugal forces, is full of the teaching of experience for the modern world.

A similar story might be told of Italy in the Middle Ages and Renaissance, when Florence played somewhat the part of Athens. As in Greece, isolation tended to concentrate local character in individuals of extraordinary power—Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel-Angelo. Dante supported the immediate plan of unity and peace in the world through the revival of the Roman Empire in the divinely appointed powers of Pope and Emperor. Lorenzo de Medici in Florence confined himself to the immediate object of uniting the States of Italy to defend the country against the domination of France or Spain. These, having reached the status of great powers, determined history during the period of wars and alliances, in which they were joined by Great Britain, Russia, Italy, Germany and now by the United States. It is the practice of historians to write of the emergence of national sovereignty as a great force of enlightenment and progress. The self-determination of nations has become an axiom in international politics. On the other hand, national feeling for power and prestige is the great obstacle to that unity of the world, ardently desired by Dante, and sought persistently in a League of Nations, and the United Nations. Again the problems of isolation and association are with us today, nowhere more insistent than in the democracies.

In Great Britain and the United States the isolationists have a good case in history. The greatest fact in English history has been the English Channel. When the sea gave place to the air as the medium of communication, the Channel became obsolete and Great Britain lost her "splendid isolation" acclaimed by Lord Salisbury.

In the case of the United States isolation was even more fortunate when the Atlantic Ocean replaced the Channel as the measure of security. But for its

breadth the colonies could scarcely have won their independence. Later the protection of the ocean was necessary to insure the full results of independence. The great reaction which followed the liquidation of the French Revolution and Napoleon's fall would have involved the American continent if the United States had not been secure enough to assert the Monroe Doctrine. The country was never in danger until internal division brought on the civil war which for a time enabled foreign powers to disregard the Atlantic.

Throughout the nineteenth century isolation in the sense of freedom from political association with Europe was the basic creed of American foreign policy, sanctified by the legacy of Washington's Farewell Address. Later, political independence demanded cultural independence. The imposition of foreign ideals and standards in the arts irked even men of cosmopolitan background.

Before the Revolution under conditions of pioneering a peculiar type of human being was being evolved, recognized by foreign observers as characteristically American. To this type Emerson appealed to throw off subservience to Europe—to be American. But the original colonial stocks, British, Dutch, Swedish were being changed by immigration of other races,—Irish, German, Jewish, Slavic, Negro. To these Whitman appealed, on grounds of a broad humanity, to be American. Resistance to immigration by those of earlier arrival was organized politically in the so-called Know Nothing Party. The need of European labor to exploit the great natural resources of the country was an argument that could not be resisted, even by pleas for the American standard of living and way of life.

Our decisive break with political isolation came near the turn of the century. The presence of Spain in the Caribbean and the Cuban revolution afforded the opportunity. The American people forgot the lessons of statesmanship practiced for a century or the text of Washington's

farewell address. The press, seeking circulation, and politicians in search of an issue together excited the public into a delirium of martial glory. A totally unnecessary war with a European—Asiatic power left us with the Philippines, a dream of imperialism, and a military-naval caste to be an important element in government. It is hardly too much to say that the Spanish-American war, with its example of aggression on the part of the exemplary peaceful United States, served as a prelude to the epoch of war which distinguishes the twentieth century.

In the United States as in Great Britain isolation as a protective resource in a world in which war is the chief instrument of national policy, was foredoomed by the unifying influence of the atmosphere. It is ironical that the conquest of the air was achieved in this country which had most to lose by it. And yet, while the idea of physical isolation must yield to conditions as immutable as those which confronted King Canute when he bade the tide and the waves to cease to function, the notion persists that we can preserve intellectual isolation as a means of national safety. In this matter we are imitating our chief opponent, the Soviet Union.

The history of Russia with respect to isolation is interesting. For long it enjoyed isolation like the United States, except that in the case of Russia it was a land-mass rather than an ocean that constituted the barrier. For centuries the Grand Duchy of Moscow remained inaccessible to the West, although overwhelmed by Tartars from the East. The fact that the Russians espoused Christianity through the Greek Orthodox church, with its patriarch in Constantinople, instead of the Roman Catholic contributed to this isolation. A violent change came when Peter the Great, early in the eighteenth century decided autocratically to bring his country into full relation, politically and culturally with the West. The story of his visit to Western capitals to

acquaint himself with the technology necessary for civilization in war and peace is a schoolboy's tale. His successors followed, especially Catherine the Great, who made a specialty of importing philosophers and writers from Germany and France, and Alexander I, who as chief factor in the elimination of Napoleon assumed a kind of suzerainty—over Europe. In the nineteenth century Russian writers, musicians, and artists were much in Paris, the centre of western culture, and while preserving their distinctive Slavic quality gained the highest place, at least in fiction, with Tolstoy, Turgenief and Dostoevsky.

The first revolution of 1917, of Milukov and Kerensky was animated by the liberal ideas of the West; the second based on the program of Karl Marx exacted a brusque retreat. The effort of the second revolution was to subdue and eliminate the effects of the cultural movement which had culminated in the first. While the Soviet Union in its early years was compelled to cooperate politically with Western Europe, in the League of Nations and later in alliance with and against Hitler, such associations were merely marriages of convenience. Now, having attained full security and maturity, and recognizing the effects of temporary collaboration with western Europe on the thought of its people, the Soviet Union has declared complete suppression within its borders of the culture of the West. Its science, literature, music, as well as political and economic ideas, are excluded from the vast territory controlled directly or indirectly by the Polit-Bureau with the device of the iron curtain.

The suppression of thought in the Soviet Union is by autocratic power. The suppression of thought in the United States is by misuse of the democratic process. The root of the offending lies in the assumption by the legislative body of the power of the executive and judicial departments. Congress has the right of

investigation for the purpose of guiding it in legislation. It has not this right for the purpose of punishing individuals. The records of the committee on un-American activities show that the object of its inquiries is to expose and punish heresy in political and economic belief. The appointment of the committee was at first resented as unnecessary by the executive which however has given it full assistance through the department of justice. The courts in similar fashion have done its bidding with alacrity. The committee is a blot in our scutcheon.

Congress is unfit by its constitution for executive and judicial functions. It is composed of elected persons who must make a first consideration of the duty of being reelected. In a time of intense popular excitement and fear a Congressman may seek political advantage by using the opportunity to advertise himself. Representatives who have shown no capacity for the business of legislation, who have made no speeches of importance, may find scope for their eloquence in denouncing well-known private citizens or public officials. The eminence of the individual attacked is reflected in the reputation of the assailant. Whether successful or not the attack adds to the public hysteria, which grows by what it feeds on. It contributes to the isolation of the individual attacked and the suppression of his thought.

This suppression is of vital importance at a time when two systems of national economy and social organization are in such direct and intense opposition that the opponents are on the verge of war. Two methods are available. One is the assembly of such overwhelming military power by one party as to constitute a deterrent from which the other will shrink. The other is to allow free play of mind in the submission of the case to public opinion wherever it is effective. The public should be given the opportunity to hear the voice of reason, of tolerance, of good will, to meet the violence of political

patriotism, to promote the examination of every road to peace by way of meetings of minds. The isolation of liberalism through the denial of the right of association and discussion is to deprive democracy of its chief weapon.

It may be taken for granted in the present tension, amounting to what is described as the cold war, that the Soviet Union will do all in its power to take advantage of any mistakes made by the United States. The first lesson is that we should not make them. It may even be suspected that the Soviet Union, like a skillful chess player will offer opportunities tempting us to error. In view of the constantly reiterated opinions of those best informed that the Soviet Union will not force the issue so far as actual war, it may use fear to force the United States into vast expenditures for defense, dangerous to our economy, involving onerous taxation and restrictions on free business and consumption which are assumed to be the prerogatives of a democracy, causing dislocations of relations between employers and workers leading to strikes and to vast unemployment. In our prosecution of a cold war we may be forced to make many sacrifices—our prosperity, our ambition to control the world, our national pride in our achievements. One thing we must not sacrifice liberty, the soul of democracy. To renounce our democratic heritage of free thought and speech is the unpardonable sin. And that is what we are doing, as every sensible man from President Truman down says we are doing. If by suppressing all thought critical of our way of life, adverse to uniformity of opinion and concentration on power, we might indeed ultimately achieve mastery—but what shall it profit a man or a nation if it gain the whole world but lose its own soul.

*Liberty and union one and inseparable,
now and forever.*

DANIEL WEBSTER

The Essence of Liberalism

By RICHARD C. HERTZ

NOT THE LEAST of "the liberal's dilemma," a phrase so frequently on the lips of thoughtful people nowadays, is the misunderstanding that surrounds the term *liberalism*. It means many things to many individuals. To compound the confusion, it represents an idea seldom defined by those who claim to be liberals.

Part of the confusion arises over the fact that historically speaking, liberalism represents a classic pattern of political, economic, philosophic and religious beliefs. These attitudes and institutions have held the center of history's stage during the past 150 years, starting with the American Revolution in 1776 and French Revolution in 1789, down to 1933, when the Nazis' rise to power challenged liberalism with a reactionary philosophy of fascism—the opposite of liberalism.

What, then, does liberalism mean?

Political Liberalism

Politically speaking, liberalism means that:

1. Government rests on the popular will of the majority.
2. Suffrage is universal regardless of sex, race, religion or property qualifications.
3. Citizenship is *ipso facto* possession of all native born and of all aliens who fulfill certain minimal conditions.
4. Legislation is effected by representative bodies who deliberate in parliamentary fashion.
5. The secret ballot guarantees the right to a free election.

6. Civil rights and liberties—security of person, freedom of thought, speech, press, conscience, religion—are rights of every citizen.

7. Minorities too have rights even as the majority has responsibilities.

Political liberalism in the modern democratic Republic would be changed to something other than democracy if any of these elements were left out or if any were basically modified.

Economic Liberalism

Economic liberalism — "Free Enterprise" or "*laissez-faire* capitalism" as it is sometimes called—is closely associated with political liberalism in that it too stresses the liberty of the individual. Economic liberalism historically speaking was a reaction against the Mercantile System, which had encouraged political policies aimed at keeping a favorable balance of gold in the national treasury simply by exporting more than importing. To do this, an elaborate program was developed by the Mercantilists. It consisted of taxation, special measures, exploiting imperial colonies, large navies, and minute regulations promoting the interests of business and industrial classes. In America the thirteen colonies revolted against the whole Mercantile System. But the year 1776 is famous in Britain too. That was the year Adam Smith wrote his *Wealth of Nations*. This book opposed the mercantilist program of special privilege and arbitrary government regulations interfering with free enterprise. *Laissez-faire* became the slogan of the new economic age, with self-interest—some-

times not always enlightened—and competition—sometimes wild and tough—the keys to the kingdom.

Adam Smith argued that under liberalism the sum of individual efforts would result in the community's good, since society is simply the sum of individuals. Left to guidance of itself, economics would be directed by natural law into a sort of "pre-established harmony."

The *laissez-faire* system was a product of an expanding capitalism formulated chiefly in England. In America agrarian liberalism became combined with industrial capitalism during the nineteenth century. Government interference in economic affairs was regarded as undesirable. Free enterprise became more than a slogan. It was the very nexus of capitalist industrial development. Before long that spirit pushed back the frontiers onto the very shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Philosophic Liberalism

As a philosophy, liberalism was developed by such thinkers as Locke and Rousseau who denounced the oppression of the masses and defended the freedom of the individual. They felt every man has certain *natural rights* as men—life, liberty, property. Men band together and enter into a social contract with each other only to safeguard their rights. They surrender to the state only that part of their personal liberty which permits the state to maintain order and protect each one from the aggression of others. This philosophy of liberalism deeply influenced Jefferson and Madison when they drafted the Declaration of Independence.

Liberalism developed several forms of philosophy.

Rationalism aimed to liberate the mind from dogma and prejudice. The intellectual absolutism associated with religious and political totalitarianism was rejected. Instead a religion of Reason was set up with Voltaire as its High Priest, which examined every truth by the measuring-rod of reason.

Naturalism, another philosophical concept of liberalism, was the system which conceived the world as understandable in terms of natural laws which could be grasped by human reason. It very soon shifted its attention to the biological and sociological approaches.

Still another part of philosophical liberalism was *Empiricism*: "what experience teaches, man can know; what experience does not teach, man can never know."

Utilitarianism expressed a similar attitude regarding morals and ethics. Something is "good" if it serves a useful purpose. The "greatest happiness of the greatest number" was its guiding principle. John Stuart Mill and Jeremy Bentham argued that only by permitting individual liberty could the greatest happiness of the greatest number be promoted.

Religious Liberalism

There was a form of Religious Liberalism too. Essentially, religion was considered a private matter in which the state should never interfere. Liberalism rejected super-naturalism, generally disliked ritualism and took no delight in superstition, myth or bogus. It frowned upon all that led the mind away from reason or science. The emotional aspects of religion were played down. Ethical, social and intellectual elements were more highly regarded. Dogmatic authority was considered by the religious liberal as obstructing social progress. Rationality, science and enlightenment of man when freed of superstition and dogmatic authority were the objectives of religious liberalism.

Reform Judaism was a child of the age. All the underbrush of traditions, customs and practices unsupported by cold logic were cleared away. The early Reformers definitely reflected the cross-currents of religious liberalism that were blowing upon the 19th century American scene. Classical Reform is the very mirror of classical liberalism!

So, to summarize the concept of liberalism:

Liberalism believed that the average individual could achieve through his own industry a satisfactory degree of success and happiness if given equality of opportunity. Liberalism emphasized freedom from interference. It stood squarely against coercive interference of any kind whether in the moral, religious, intellectual, social, economic or political sphere. Liberalism was not a way of looking at certain things, but a certain way of looking at all things. It was a point of view! Thus, a maximum freedom for the individual and a minimum of government; reliance on enlightened self-interest through universal suffrage; equality of opportunity in the economic field; freedom of thought and discussion through objective scientific research and education; philanthropy and measures of social reform where normal, natural processes did not work. Through such measures did the ideas of liberalism hope to germinate and bear fruit and thus usher in an age of steady, uninterrupted social progress.

Liberalism Today

Some of these ideas of liberalism seem familiar. Others seem far removed, almost contradictory to what liberals believe today. Take, for instance, the role of government. Classical liberalism, you recall, believed that the national government should have a minimum of function. Nothing more than regulating or correcting evils and protecting people against predatory habits of special interests was to be its function. But liberals today are clamoring for an enlargement and extension of government activity in their zeal to protect liberty and safeguard individual freedom. They call for a "Welfare State." How do you explain this apparent contradiction?

The answer lies in the change of meaning which has come over the term "liberalism."

At the time when liberal doctrines

were first articulated by John Locke and Rousseau, they represented a protest against the existing order. The existing order in those days was one in which very little liberty prevailed. Hence the early liberals were dissenters. This caused the term liberalism to be associated with any views in conflict with the *status quo* in society.

That is the way the term liberalism is being used today. Liberals today are protestants, dissenters, against the reactionaries who insist on conserving (that's why they are called conservatives) what they have for fear of losing it. They want to conserve the *status quo*.

Yet the paradoxical inversion of the term liberalism is not so strange after all. 150 years ago, as now, liberalism represented a protest movement against special privileges, against monopoly, against abuse of power.

Then as now, liberalism exalted the individual and his civil rights, believing that the social order should be so constructed as to permit the basic freedoms that man enjoys as a man, as a child of God.

Then as now, liberalism believes that government has the duty of guaranteeing not equality for all (that is communism), but equality of opportunity—in education, in employment, in housing, in medical care, in military service, in organized religion.

Then as now, liberalism means equality before the law—no special privileges because of birth or race or creed, protection from arbitrary imprisonment, security of property, freedom of contract, right of assemblage, free speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion . . . Roosevelt's "Four Freedoms."

Then as now, liberalism is a movement to provide the conditions within which the individual can thrive and afford to every citizen the opportunity to acquire mastery of his potential capacities.

Thus, while classical liberalism—the pure ideas of political, economic, philos-

ophical and religious liberalism—may have been modified by recent times, the spirit of liberalism remains. And it is the spirit that counts.

Why Should Jews Be Concerned?

What is the relationship between liberalism and the Jew? Why should Jews be concerned with liberalism?

The answer is very simple, but it needs to be re-told again and again. The ultimate source of liberalism antedated Adam Smith, Locke, Rousseau, Bentham and all the others by two millenia. That source goes back to the genius of an ancient people whose passion was liberty and whose teacher was God. "Proclaim ye liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." Liberty had its flaming champions—the prophets—who charted for generations to come the classic ideals of social righteousness. Elijah, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micah, Zechariah—these were the great Commoners, the tribunes of the people, the social agitators, who proclaimed in the name of God that a social order must come of justice, peace and freedom for every man under one God.

Not merely from pride of authorship are Jews so vitally concerned with liberalism. The exigencies of these times demand a liberal society for the security of Jewish status. The security of Jews is assured only when the security of society is guaranteed. If one man's liberties are jeopardized under fascism, *all* men live in fear, including Jews. Jews can flourish and prosper only when *all* citizens flourish and prosper. Jews are safe in their rights as citizens only when *all* men's civil rights are safe. "To secure these rights," declares America's scripture of independence, "governments are instituted among men." Jews are free to worship in safety only when religious freedom is secure for all faiths, only when church and state are separate, only when equality before the law applies to all religious groups, all churches, all synagogues.

The attainment of a greater measure of political and economic security for all is one very essential way by which Jews can assure their safety. Any analysis of group tensions or racial hostilities must take into account the consequences of normal competition for a livelihood. During times of general social distress, the embittered struggle for survival generated by depression particularly jeopardizes the security of Jews. Lessons painfully learned in Nazi Germany and even in America during the depression illustrate this principle.

It is hard to dissociate the economic insecurities of poverty and maldistribution from the frustrations that warp men's minds. It is even harder to make basic human rights secure for all men unless the motive power behind economic and social antagonisms can be shut off.

That is why Jews especially must put themselves behind a liberal program to humanize the economic and social order. The walls separating man and his fellow man must be breached. Of course working for a juster and freer society is an obligation that falls on all men. Yet it falls on the Jew with challenging directness. We are the ones who, *noblesse oblige*, heard the prophets centuries ago cry out against the inequalities of society. We are the ones whose ancestors entered into a sacred covenant to work for "the kingdom of God under the Sovereignty of God." More than self-interest alone is involved. We Jews have a mandate from God . . . a mission to man.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of a liberal America . . . and keep faith with those who died to make it free!

Today the notion of a master race is being revived, and most of us agree that it means the moral degradation of mankind.

The Wit and Wisdom of
ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

The Future of Jewish Music

By LEON STEIN

FOR JEWISH CULTURE in general and for Jewish music in particular, the re-establishment of Israel as a Jewish national state raises as many questions on the one hand as it answers on the other. Our specific concern here is the matter of the creation of Jewish music outside of Israel. Is it to be assumed that once a definable Israeli musical culture becomes a reality, the only truly Jewish music will, axiomatically, be that created in Israel alone? In retrospect, will the so-called Jewish music composed in the Diaspora be considered unrooted, preparatory, and from an historical viewpoint, mainly of "transitional" import? Will this same music be considered merely an interlude between the true Hebraicism of Biblical times and that of modern Israel?

These viewpoints and assumptions are based on the premise that "The Jewish masters of the western world, the pioneers of the national idea in Eastern Europe, and Ernest Bloch as the creator of a Hebraic idiom in music—all lack the firm roots without which an art of national aspiration can never flourish, for no artist can achieve a happy and sublime expression in art without having a land he can call his own. With the return of the Jews to the ancient land of Israel, the conditions were created for a new national and cultural center that not only is the homeland for the new dwellers of Zion, but has already become in the first decades of its renewed existence the greatest source of inspiration for Jewish culture and art all over the world." (Gradenwitz, Peter *The Music of Israel*.)

The notion that the Jewish masters of

the western world lacked firm roots—regardless, apparently, of whether or not they were consciously engaged in writing Jewish music—implies two related conclusions: (a) the composer of Jewish birth can never be truly integrated in a Diaspora culture, and (b) that such a composer is only at home in the culture of Israel. These conclusions, however, are only valid if and because there exists the blastogenic quality of an inherent Jewishness. This quality is often disavowed by the very individuals who maintain a belief in the inevitable dichotomy of the Diaspora composer; yet, its existence is the only logical explanation for that "remote character" and "lack of an ultimate inner satisfaction and happiness" which allegedly characterizes the work of pre-Israeli Jewish composers. It is, then, but a short step to the conclusion that the cultural expression of the Jews in any country prior to and outside of Israel, since it is not integrated, must be in the words of Wagner, "*fremdartig, kalt, sonderlich, gleichgueltig, unnatuerlich und verdreht*." One would have also to agree with H. S. Chamberlain's statement, that "The Jew has never distinguished himself by creative power—indeed what is most his own is borrowed." The ultimate conclusion, then, is that outside of Israel there can be no future for the creation of Jewish music.

We can immediately put aside the notion of an inherent Jewishness: there is no scientific basis for the belief in such a "racial" quality, and all anthropological and biogenetic evidence negates such a belief. Consequently, a composer of Jew-

ish birth, who is neither close to nor has had much contact with Jewish culture, need not inevitably feel or evidence any dichotomy, nor will any "lack of an ultimate inner satisfaction and happiness," necessarily result from his Jewish ancestry. (Had Beethoven or Tchaikovsky been of Jewish birth, how many critics would have found in the fact of their descent a fully adequate and satisfactory "explanation" of the feeling of stress and conflict in their music.)

On the other hand, in a community where the Jews represent a minority culture, the composer of Jewish music will feel himself to be on the periphery of the dominant culture. Nevertheless, a truly great work, such as Bloch's "Schelomo," will be whole and complete in itself despite its apparent uniqueness in relation to a temporarily dominant culture-feeling or pattern. The word "unique" need not necessarily be frightening. Each great composer is somewhat unique in relation to his contemporaries. Two adjectives commonly used to qualify creative genius—distinctive and outstanding—have a profound significance which too often is lost in taking these terms for granted. Great composers are distinctive because they are singular, differing in a specific way from their contemporaries. They stand out, at least in retrospect, because of this uniqueness and difference. This in no way minimizes the actuality of a composer's belonging to his time in terms of idiom, form, and content, but it emphasizes the individual factor which is of the essence in the distinction of the creative spirit.

The anthropologist, M. F. Ashley-Montagu, has accurately described the Jews as a "quasi-national" group. Where most instances of nationality involve association with specific geographical areas, the quasi-nationality of the Jew has been super-territorial. This is true even today, when a national homeland has been established. For most Jews, Israel provides a focus for national feeling, but it would be wrong to identify and limit the spirit-

ual nationality of Judaism by a territorial nationality. It is precisely this error of judgment which leads to the classification of all Diaspora music as a kind of musical interlude, even a lacuna.

If the future of Jewish music outside of Israel is to be foreseen correctly, the contextual significance of Diaspora music must be evaluated correctly. From this standpoint, the concept of Jewish music cannot be limited to Biblical cantillations and to the indigenous creations of modern Israel merely because of geographic association. Those factors which distinguish the evolving art-music of Europe from the static traditional music of the Orient—harmony, counterpoint, form and instrumentation—factors which have liberated and will continue to liberate Hebraic materials, are all bound up with the Diaspora period of Jewish history. This means that a significant part of the total complex of what is represented by the concept "Jewish Music" derives from this period.

Just as in its broader aspects, Judaism is not bound by the geographic limitations of Israel as a Jewish state, so Jewish music, whether present or past, should not be subjected to a measure founded on territorial association. An analogue of extra-territorial creation in Jewish music may be found in that extensive and important portion of what is justifiably classified as Jewish or Hebrew literature, despite the fact that it is not written in Hebrew: the Greek of Philo of Josephus; the Aramaic of certain Biblical passages and of parts of the Talmud; the Arabic of Maimonides and Halevy; the Yiddish of Sholom-Aleichem and Sholom Asch.

There is no gainsaying the enormous historical and social significance, the sheer emotional effect of the establishment of Israel, and from this standpoint one may justifiably point to Israel as "the greatest source of inspiration for Jewish culture and art all over the world." But to non-residents of Israel this inspiration can only be of *creative* value very indirectly. What is truly indigenous to Israel, whether in

terms of subject matter or of idioms, can not really become first-hand stimuli to composers thousands of miles away. Paradoxically enough, such material is of the least value to the Jewish composer outside the national boundaries.

In contrast, important parts of Diaspora lore transcend the apparent limitations of a local origin by a universal content. This explains the continued vitality of Hassidic music, of certain Ashkenazic folk-songs, and of certain post-Biblical liturgical materials.

The question as to whether there is a future and a *raison d'être* for the creation of Jewish music outside of Israel may be answered with a decided affirmative. However, the creation of such music is, and will continue to be, legitimate and valid primarily in those areas wherein its identity and content are least directly dependent on the culture of the new land of Israel. These areas include (a) liturgical music, particularly for the conservative and reformed synagogues; (b) music based on Ashkenazic sources such as folk and Hassidic materials, and on those particular Israeli songs which have already become part of a *universal* Jewish lore; and (c) music set to Yiddish texts and oriented around Yiddish materials. In the categories of opera, symphony, chamber music, the larger instrumental forms, and in secular forms with Hebrew texts, the preeminence of Israeli music is already evident. This does not preclude the possibility of occasional works in one or another of these forms being written outside of Israel, but such works are destined to become more and more isolated exceptions.

The basic problem of Israeli music, in terms of geographic-national expression, is the integration of oriental materials with occidental means. Once this problem is solved and a distinctive idiom crystallizes, Israeli music will assume a more self-contained character. As such it will more clearly be recognized as a part, from the secular viewpoint conceivably the most

important part, but nevertheless not the whole of Jewish music.

In America, important works by gifted composers have contributed to the renaissance of music in and for the conservative and reformed synagogues. Paradoxically, liturgical music is the least active and progressive in Israel. Those who have taken a most aggressive stand in regard to religion are of the orthodox group, whose music is and has been most closely bound by a static tradition. By default, if for no other reason, the creation of new music for the synagogue becomes, temporarily at least, an assignment for composers outside of Israel.

Either in the form of arrangements or of thematic utilization, the use of Ashkenazic materials and of the more universal Israeli songs (I exclude such specifically local materials as Yemenite and Bedouin songs) will continue to be valid for non-Israeli composers. Ashkenazic materials are closely bound up with the Yiddish language, and with groups like the numerous Jewish community choruses in this and other lands. As long as such groups continue to flourish, there will be a demand and a justification for the creation of music to suit their needs.

It is the writer's opinion that, of the three areas which may most fruitfully be cultivated by the non-Israeli Jewish composer, the most vital and significant contributions are being made, and will continue to be made, in the field of newer liturgical composition.



The Heavy Spender

By LOUIS ZARA

ON THURSDAY Mama Kramer did the heavy marketing: meat, chicken, fish, vegetables, groceries, butter and eggs. She filled two black shopping-bags to the top. A buffalo-fish, a fat trout and a good-sized pike, a chicken, beef chuck, liver, a piece of lung and a soup-bone, flour, sugar, yeast, fresh eggs, barley, lentils, soap and a few other staples, and she had thirty pounds to carry. A mercy that the milkman fetched the bottle of milk every morning and the coffee-and-tea man came to the door every two weeks.

At Slemo Marcus' Meat Market Mama Kramer turned sharply. Who was following her? But there was only the usual gathering in the cold shop, and the butcher and his helper Willie sawing ribsteak, cutting suet, and cracking knuckles as brittle as rough witticisms.

Bending over the tub in which the live carp swam languidly at Mrs. Obernach's Fish Market, Mama Kramer again had the uncomfortable feeling that someone was eyeing her. No one! She paused for ten cents' fresh horse-radish from Lazar at his grinder; hardly right to pass the old man without buying. Women were bustling in and out of the delicatessen, the grocery, the pharmacist's, the drygoods-store, and the tailor-shop.

She selected two fine *Schmalz* herrings from the barrel at Dora's Fancy Groceries, and her cheeks grew warm. A sure sign; but there was no one. She became so flustered that she forgot the pava beans for which Avram had asked.

She secured her purse inside her coat. The first tramp who dared accost her,

would she scream! Then she proceeded cautiously to Berchik's Live Poultry.

From the slatted coops on the walk the little red combs of the roosters pecked toward the grain gutters. "Poor creatures!" she sighed, and went inside to inspect the plumper fowls.

Now a live chicken market is a place of smells, the product of poultry resentment. Mama Kramer was eager to escape the gabbling and the odors. Herschel, the red-haired son-in-law, snatched a white hen by one leg, turned a wing, and slid the bird on the scales.

"Today the geese are dripping fat," he announced. For the holidays a family must have goose-*Schmalz*.

"The geese are fat," she rejoined tartly, "but the pocketbook is lean!"

He cocked an eyebrow. "You are not well?"

She was silent. She was well, but she was troubled.

A moment later and the freshly slaughtered hen passed to Mrs. Goolem, the feather-picker, who made the feathers fly while she sat broadlapped over her wooden trough.

With a crammed shopping-bag in either fist, Mama Kramer trudged from Berchik's. She glanced anxiously up and down the street.

She was under the huge boot that dangled from a rod before Nathan's Good-As-New Shoe Repairs when the shopping bags were snatched from behind her, and a male voice growled, "Boo!"

Mama Kramer shrieked. She became as white as the Leghorn she had bought, and swung with both fists raised. At the

beaming countenance over her, she cried, "Yosseh!" She reached for the man's lapels and began to slap him roundly.

"Goldie!" bawled the brawny six-footer in the light tan suit and tan bowler. "Goldie, have mercy!"

"Wretch!" she barked. She stood on tiptoe to pinch his cheek. "Rascal! Smug-gler!" She could hardly catch her breath. "Still with your jokes, Yosseh Hoffman! And I nearly fainted from black fright!"

"Why? Why?" he demanded. He set down the shopping-bags and caressed his smarting face. "Didn't you know it was me? Didn't I always surprise you?"

"Surprise! You smuggler! You thief! You orchard-robber! Who expected you? Where did you come from? After twelve years—it is twelve years that I haven't laid eyes on you—you creep up on a poor woman. Shame!"

He shot his arms forward and, before she could ward him off, embraced her and kissed her forehead.

"Let me go, I'll scream! Let me go, I'll call a policeman!"

Instantly he released her. A broad smile wreathed the big, smooth-shaven countenance. "No policeman, Goldie!" He shook his forefinger.

She threw back her head and laughed. "The same Yosseh. No policeman. For police you still have respect."

He hung his head. "Why should I lie? Let police go their way. I'll go mine."

"In the old country you were a smuggler," she went on, still puffing. "But what are you here?"

"Sh!" he cautioned. He could not look at her without little lights dancing in his eyes. "Goldie, you are still beautiful."

She tucked in the back hair on her neck. "Go away. I am not sixteen."

He put his right hand to his heart. "Your Honor, Judge, I swear!"

"Your Honor, Judge!" she mocked. "You have been in courts, in police stations—in jails."

Again the long forefinger. "No jails."

She studied him admiringly. "Prosperity follows you like a chicken after corn."

He dug his thumbs into his armpits. "Yosseh Hoffman is no cheap article." He stuck a fat cigar into his mouth. "Clear Havana—a quarter!"

"A quarter!"

He slapped his thigh. "Yosseh is a heavy spender! Goldie, I could kiss you."

"I'll scratch out the eyes!"

"Ho, ho, Goldie! And she can do it, too!"

"She can do it," she promised. "I'm a married woman with three children."

He sighed. "Three, is it? I heard only two." He bent his knees. "And I would have died for your sake."

"A pity!" she sniffed. "But you ran! And not for my sake, but for your own!"

His large pale blue eyes pleaded. "Someone informed on me. The customs officer searched Mother's attic and found the tea and tobacco I had smuggled across the Niemen. She sent word that they were lying in wait. Siberia! So I fled."

"And not a word, not a postcard."

"Did you miss me, Goldie?"

"Even from a stray dog one hopes to hear."

He gazed at her intently. "I swear that you were in love with me."

"I!"

"You!"

"I do not fall in love with smugglers."

"Our kisses on the riverbank Friday nights?"

"Only when you held both my hands."

"You didn't scream then!"

She blushed. "You weren't so ugly."

He guffawed. "Yosseh Hoffman was a brigand, a smuggler, but never so ugly. Ah, Goldie, I loved you."

"Smuggler!"

"To the death!"

"Contrabandist!"

"May I fall dead this minute if I didn't love you."

"God hears. Don't blaspheme!"

"As God is my witness!"

"Irreverent!"

"But my heart, Goldie, belonged to you always."

"So that is why you disappeared—like a stone in the well—for twelve years."

He threw out his arms, and his eyes began to twinkle again. "In Koenigsberg I met a beautiful maiden—" He outlined her shape with his hands. "Eyes like black cherries, teeth like pearls, and—a bosom—"

"Behave!"

"The police asked for a passport. I had none. So they said, 'Yosse, lad, go on your way.'"

"And she?"

"She had a husband," he chuckled.

"Devil!"

"Then to Hamburg. There's a city."

"And then?"

"To America."

"And here you smuggle, too?"

"I am a bootlegger."

She shrank from him. "A gangster?"

"No, only a bootlegger. I take orders from customers, and I deliver."

"You're not afraid?"

"Me? The police are my good customers, too. The Governor, the Senator—I have just come in from Detroit with a load from Canada."

She shook her head. "I don't want to hear about it." She reached for the shopping-bags, but he had already grasped them. "Let me."

"No, no. Yosse is a gentleman. We'll take a taxicab."

She regarded him in horror. "I should go in a taxicab with a load of groceries?"

"Yosse is a heavy spender, Goldie."

"Not for me."

"Then Yosse'll walk."

She wondered what the neighbors would say.

"Heavy." He peered into the bags. "How far do you live?"

"Another block." She would have taken one bag, but he would not let her.

"You're still married to Avram Ezra?"

She set her jaw. "Am I a Turk?"

"He makes a living?"

"He makes."

"Can I come inside?"

"In the middle of the day! Come when Avram is home."

He shrugged. He set the shopping-bags on the stoop and pulled a handful of bills from his pocket. "For the children."

"We don't need it."

He crimsoned. "Is it better that I spend it on pinochle? Yosse is a gambler. Take for the children. Buy them something—from 'Uncle' Yosse."

She yielded. "A gift for the children. Then come and have a meal. I'll cook the old delicacies."

He wet his lips. "*Lokshen, farfel, tsimmes, knadel*—"

"*Lokshen, farfel, tsimmes, knadel*."

"Goldie, you're a doll."

"Go! Go to your customers!" She took her shopping-bags. "And don't dare come here till Avram is home."

Inside she hastened to the windows. Through the curtains she watched him strolling down the street, the bowler set rakishly, his hands in his pockets. A handsome man.

She opened her fist, and her eyes bulged. He had given her twenty dollars! Had he known? Of course. Yosse, the devil—Bless him!—always knew what he was doing. She prayed he had come by it honestly.

"Avram, you could not guess who stopped me on the street today."

Papa Kramer yawned. *Komaiko's Kapers*, his favorite column, was missing, and the newspaper held little interest for him this evening. "A policeman?"

She was shocked. "Why should a policeman stop me on the street?"

"Then a beggar?"

"My beggars come to the door."

He studied the ceiling. "A peddler."

"You cannot guess."

He darkled. "All day I work like a slave, and nobody asks me riddles. I come home in the evening, I have to make guesses. Am I a child?"

"God forbid!" she mocked. "But someone you know, you will remember."

"The landlord?"

"Who sees him except when it's rent?"

"One of the old boarders who owes us money?" He threw the barb good-humoredly.

"Go on guessing all night."

"That's all I have to do!"

"Then I'll tell you."

He was silent. The man would never give in.

"Yossef Hoffman!"

His lip curled. "That smuggler!"

"Yes, that smuggler!"

"That contrabandist!"

"Him!"

"That wretch! Spit three times and run the other way. He would eat pork."

She smiled. "Avram, your heart still wrenches over him."

"That smuggler!"

"Yes, yes."

"That contrabandist!"

"Him!"

He struck the table. "That rascal!"

"A little jealous—though, as God is my witness, there was nothing between us."

"A wild animal."

"Spirited. Remember the shoulders on him when he walked near the river where we used to go bathing? Yossef in his new silk shirt that cost his widowed mother so many hours of toil, his polished boots, the cap over one eye—"

"A thief!"

"A thief of hearts."

"Then why didn't you marry him?"

She gave him a triumphant smirk. "The rogue ran away."

He grimaced. "You saw him today. It isn't too late."

"Today?" She paused. "Who would turn his head to look a second time at such a worn-out chambermaid as I have become?" She spread out her hands. "Look at these fingers! Into my hair the gray has become like the first streaks of morning at the end of a summer night.

Look at my wrinkles." Her lower lip began to quiver.

Again he struck the table. "Who is complaining? Am I complaining? Fingers, gray hair, wrinkles, Goldie, you are still a woman to look at. If that tramp says a word—"

"Sh! The neighbors will hear you. He didn't say a word."

"Tell me!"

"Not a word."

He tightened his belt. "I am no hero, but no smuggler can say an evil word to you—not even if I have to—"

"Avram," she touched his arm, "calm yourself. He said nothing." She preened. "So you still cherish a spark—"

He dropped his eyes. "I didn't say that. But he can't talk and go unpunished. There are courts in this land."

"He'll come to visit us."

"To visit *you*!"

"He wants to see the children."

"The man has no family of his own?"

"A travelling man."

"Travelling from the police!"

They were sitting quietly at the kitchen table, he dozing and she mending socks, when the doorbell rang.

"Avram is home?" Yossef boomed.

"Home."

He presented her with a large beribboned box.

"What is this?"

"A three-pound box of candy."

She gaped. "Three pounds! Why did you buy *three* pounds? It's not meat."

"For the children. Eat, eat. Yossef is a heavy spender." He gestured, and she ducked and led him inside.

"Avram!"

Papa Kramer rose, gladdened despite himself.

"Avram, Avram! A little gray, a little worn— Life is hard."

"When a man is honest it's hard."

Yossef chortled. "You're right, and I give you credit. That's why Yossef is not so honest. Easier."

"Your mother would be ashamed."

He sobered. "True. She would curse me if she knew."

"Yosseh," Mama Kramer spoke gently, "maybe you could still be honest?"

"Me!" he laughed. "A river flow backwards? No." He turned. "Avram, a beauty of a woman, your Goldie."

His host smiled shyly.

"If you're not good to her I'll steal her away. I can do it."

He stiffened. "If she'll go, take her."

Mama Kramer blanched. "Yosseh, behave! I don't want to hear."

"She's a doll!"

"Don't make me no trouble, Yosseh."

"Trouble? I still burn for you. Avram, you're not angry?"

Avram averted his eyes. "No."

"See! We are old friends, and when I visit I pay compliments. Yosseh is a sport."

"But you don't *mean* the compliments?" she asked.

"On my mother's grave, I swear!"

Avram frowned. "Such talk I don't like."

Instantly the other subsided. He sat back and began to reminisce. As they chatted, Mama Kramer served tea and *knishes*, curant jelly and crackers, and walnuts and filberts to crack.

In their little village Yosseh had been the daredevil. Now as they recalled his pranks the three friends glowed.

"When the old rabbi had guests from Kovno? Wonderful people with fur collars on their coats and such saintly faces. He was boasting about the Succoth tabernacle the sexton had built, with green boughs and flowers for the roof. They went in to make the benediction when a hen began to cackle. Then another . . ." Yosseh roared. "An egg dropped through the boughs— We had three laying hens on top, and they worked overtime!"

When the laughter had died down, Avram murmured, "You shouldn't."

"I was twelve, thirteen," Yosseh nodded. "What did I know?"

"I remember," broke in Mama Kramer,

wiping the tears from her eyes, "when Feivel the shepherd's goat was found on the customs officer's roof. The poor thing bleated and bleated because it was her milking-time. Until they could figure out how to bring her down, Feivel had to climb up twice and milk her."

"And the second time he slipped, and the milk came down on the postman's head!"

"Our one policeman in the village," Papa Kramer added. "Who was it crept in when he was asleep in the haybarn and cut off one side of his mustaches and smeared axlegrease on the other?"

Yosseh guffawed till he was beet-red.

"And today what do you do?" the woman prodded.

"Today I am grown up."

"No tricks?"

He winked. "Once in a while." He pulled a silver flask from his hip pocket. "A drink to health?"

Avram hesitated. "A drop."

"You, Goldie?"

"Is my soul a dried raisin? A little."

So they drank to health and friendship and long life.

Yosseh patted the flask. "This liquor has made me a man and a heavy spender."

"It's not honest!"

He twinkled. "Good friends, you stay honest, and you remain poor."

She sighed. "It's better that way."

Day after day Yosseh was on her mind. She made the delicacies he had spoken of so wistfully, but there was no sign of him.

Avram did not let it pass. "You have not made little *farfel* as fine as these," he murmured, spooning his soup, "in years. Your Yosseh would enjoy a plate."

"Your Yosseh!"

"He still has his thick head of hair. A man, a tower."

She wondered whether another twelve years would have to pass before Yosseh called on them once more. She took out the three-pound box of candy and let the children at it.

She was sitting out on the sill, cleaning the parlor windows, when she heard a clopping down the street. A fine team of gray horses was approaching.

She was wiping the last panes when the doorbell clanged. There stood Yosseh Hoffman.

"Yosseh! What good wind brings you?"

"Ah, Goldie!" He was wearing a dark suit with a dark bowler to match, and a pearl stick-pin in his tie. "I have a few things to put away for safekeeping."

"What is it?" Probably a trunk.

Two men were already marching up the walk, sacks of coal on their shoulders.

"Coal!" She was puzzled.

"Yes, Goldie. Into your shed?"

"What do you want with coal?" she blinked. She led the way to the shed and unlocked the door.

"Careful, boys!" called Yosseh. "Careful!"

They did not empty the bags but ranged them carefully along the wall and trotted out to fetch others. She counted: at least two tons.

"Coal!" she mumbled. Their supply was low, but it was still summer. He thought of everything.

"Yosseh, you should not!"

He would have slipped his arm around her waist. "For the children."

"The men do not empty the bags!"

"Who needs bags? Let them stand in the shed."

Only when Yosseh and the men had left did she realize that he had stuffed another twenty-dollar bill into her fist.

Should she tell Avram? He would growl, "Who needs his charity?"

"He does not come any more, that Yosseh," he remarked later.

She lifted one shoulder. At least she did not compound a falsehood.

"Goldie, God knows where he is!"

"God knows."

"But the man has charm. Thunder and lightning. And he likes children."

The next week another wagon of coal halted at their door.

"Mrs. Kramer!" The man tipped his cap respectfully. "Yosseh Hoffman sent us. A load of coal."

"We have enough coal."

"Sorry, lady." There were two men. "Orders is orders. The last time they brought the wrong coal."

She was mystified. However, she produced the key to the shed.

"Why should you change it? We can burn the big lumps."

"Chestnut coal is better for the stove."

That was true. It was kind of Yosseh, she mused, as they removed the bags and marched back to the wagon to exchange them for other sacks. Yosseh had remembered what it was to live in cold rooms with fuel so dear.

"A glass hot tea?" she offered.

They glanced at each other. "Give it to Yosseh when he comes around."

But Yosseh did not come around for another month. Then he dropped in as the family was at the evening meal. Mama Kramer immediately set another plate.

"If you told me you were coming," she chided, "I would have made a supper just like your mother."

He grinned boyishly. "When you have a telephone, I'll give you notice in advance." He rubbed his palms together. "Beet soup!"

"Hot beet soup and potato pudding and a little veal breast."

He licked his lips. "Hungry as a bear."

"How does it go in the big world?" Papa Kramer inquired as the other wolfed his food.

He grimaced. "In Washington they want to stop Prohibition and make beer and whiskey."

"That's good!" the woman applauded. "Then you won't be a bootlegger any more."

His jaw dropped. "So what will I be?"

"You'll find something."

He uttered a bitter laugh. "They'll take the bread out of my mouth. It's already harder to smuggle from Canada—"

Mama Kramer urged the youngsters to go play or to do their homework.

"And a man has to sit up nights to make a quick dollar. Lucky for me I have my eighty cases." He winked.

She regarded him blankly.

"Four thousand dollars just as it sits there," he went on. "Anytime for me it can be two thousand dollars cash."

Papa Kramer shook his head. He earned less than two thousand dollars in a whole year.

Yossef stretched. "A blessed Thursday when I met Goldie on the street."

"And for us, too. Coal for the winter—When the men took away the old sacks—"

The cigar shot up in his teeth. "Who took away the sacks? What kind joke, Goldie?"

"It's not a joke," she retorted, and recited how the two men had come to exchange the bags of coal.

Perspiration dripped from his forehead. His neck went red and his cheeks purple. "What kind of men?" he begged hoarsely. "How did they look?"

As she described them he became ashen. "Thieves!" he growled.

"Yossef!" She tried to avoid her husband's angry stare. "They were fine workers. They did what you told them. Orders is orders."

He could only groan and mop his brow. He got to his feet and, with a weak smile, shook hands with Papa Kramer.

She accompanied him to the door.

"Goldie," he said fiercely, "in the sacks was not coal but cases whiskey."

She staggered.

"And the men who took it away were thieves. They stole my bread and butter."

She could not fathom the enormity of it, except that he was so gravely disturbed. "Yossef, the money for the children. Take it back. Maybe you will need it." She thrust the bills at him.

He was pale, but he threw her a scorn-

ful glance. "Goldie, what kind of man am I? Keep it for the children, Goldie. Yossef Hoffman is a heavy spender."

With that he peered out into the dark street, slipped one hand inside his coat pocket, and dashed out.

"So by us in the shed," Papa Kramer finally spoke up grimly, "is coal from Yossef."

She dared not look at him.

He picked up the *Forwards*. "Give back this coal."

She shuddered. "Where will I catch Yossef to give back the coal? Has he a home, an address?"

"His address will be the penitentiary." "Avram!"

He rattled the paper. "We do not take charity."

"You said yourself he was thunder and lightning—"

He lifted his eyes. "Give away *half* the coal."

Her tears welled. "The man went out into the black night." She could not go on. Perhaps he was already lying somewhere in a pool of blood. She began to weep.

Avram sat until he could endure it no longer. He arose and went to smooth her hair.

"*Sha*, Goldie, *sha*! What did I say? Yossef is a smuggler, but a smuggler of kindness, a thief, but a thief of hearts. So give away only a few bags of the coal."

She brightened. Yossef was a clever lad, and he would be safe. She remembered the folded money in her pocket.

Twenty-dollar bills! She would give a donation to the sexton to offer prayers for the soul of Yossef's good mother—(*May she intercede for us all up there!*) Now she would be able to take care of her beggars without skimping on the household money. She would buy for the children, too . . . And everyone would be saying that Goldie Kramer had become a heavy spender.

A Note on Arthur Koestler

By LILLIAN MERMIN FEINSILVER

IN a country where book publishing has helped make everyone an expert, it is not surprising that we are offered periodic solutions to the "Jewish problem." And since, as the saying goes, two Jews have always generated at least three opinions, it is perhaps not surprising to find Arthur Koestler among those offering such solutions. One might have hoped, however, that Mr. Koestler would exhibit more maturity in his approach to the subject. He has seen fit—in the epilogue to his book on modern Palestine, *Promise and Fulfilment**—to write off the future of the majority of Jews (those remaining outside Israel), urging them to de-Judaize themselves. This "solution" bears out Charles I. Glicksberg's earlier comment in these pages that Koestler's books have mirrored his personal quest for salvation, and that his next point of attachment or detachment was hard to predict. In his naive rationalization of his own self-abnegation, Koestler has hardly initiated a revolution among American Jewry. Yet his remarks may well have confused conscientious readers—both Christians and Jews—who have a right to expect him to know whereof he writes. It may therefore be worth while to examine his line of reasoning.

As Koestler explains it, he is much concerned, now that the state of Israel is a reality, about the status of those Jews choosing to remain where they are. If they are orthodox Jews, then he feels they should go to Israel; otherwise their orthodoxy is meaningless. If they are not orthodox believers—and these he terms

the "well-meaning but confused majority which, through inertia, perpetuates the anachronism by clinging to a tradition in which it no longer really believes"—then they should stop insisting "on remaining a community in some way apart from their fellow-citizens." According to Koestler, there are but two choices: "They must either follow the imperative of their religion, the return to the Promised Land—or recognize that that faith is no longer theirs."

Why is this choice necessary? Well, says Koestler, there is the problem of divided loyalty. And since there is a "vicious circle of being persecuted for being 'different' and being 'different' by force of persecution," these Jews outside of Israel should take the bull by the horns and stop being different—in other words, stop being Jews.

Let us assume, for a moment, that what he asks can be achieved, that all American Jews, for instance, who do not go to Israel suddenly stop being Jews. They will stop going to the synagogue. They will break up the sisterhoods, men's clubs, and young people's societies. Rabbis will become bricklayers or salesmen and will refuse to perform marriages or funeral services or to counsel with troubled individuals. All the Jewish community centers, YM & YWHA's will go out of existence. All organized Jewish philanthropy will end — hospitals will close, homes for the aged will shut down, all aid to overseas Jewry will stop. All the myriad agencies devoted to religion, education, and welfare would cease and desist: the rabbinical and congregational bodies, the fraternal organizations, the

* *Promise and Fulfilment*, by Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Co. 335 pages. \$4.00.

women's councils, the national and local welfare boards, American Jewish Congress, American Jewish Committee, American Council for Judaism, the inter-faith conferences, the free loan associations, the Yiddishist circles, the Zionist groups, the Jewish Publication Society, the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations.

The list could go on. But it is enough to indicate the kind of emptiness that would result in the realm of spirit and the chaos that would ensue in the destruction of socially useful enterprises. But surely, Mr. Koestler might say, there are non-sectarian philanthropies that the individualized Jew can support, there are general cultural and educational agencies growing out of other groups that can be supported just as well. But would as adequate effects be achieved? To take but one example, the most important philanthropic movement today among Jews in the United States and the entire world, the United Jewish Appeal: Would Mr. Koestler be willing to see that agency die? What would happen to the little state of Israel in such an eventuality? For the near future, at least, the state of Israel is pathetically dependent upon outside support. If Jews outside the country are to forsake their group attachment, how can they go on pouring out the often self-sacrificing aid that the United Jewish Appeal represents? Without the help of their co-religionists or co-culturists or co-folkwaysists or whatever you want to call their fellow-Jews, the inhabitants of Israel would be left to their own inadequate resources and to the pitifully meagre help that comes from other relief sources. And without the strong emotional ties and group sense of responsibility that American Jews feel for their less fortunate brethren, the quantity of aid given would never reach similar proportions.

For a man of his background, Mr. Koestler seems incredibly naive. Can you tell a sociological group to Stop Being? It exists. And it will continue to exist until history and sociology decide otherwise.

The survival or demise of the Jewish group, in or out of Israel, cannot be determined by conscious decision alone. You cannot force a belief in God or love between individuals, and cannot conversely force out beliefs, customs, and emotional ties by edict—even if the edict is inspired by noble motives. Furthermore, it should be obvious that pressure from without, far from intimidating the majority of Jews, has always served to strengthen their faith and group loyalty.

It is conceivable that Judaism could die in this country if the surrounding culture should progressively weaken the force of Jewish holidays, the Jewish Sabbath, ceremonials and folkways, and if it should break down Jewish secular loyalties as well as the loyalties to the Torah tradition. That all of this would happen, however, is extremely unlikely. What is more likely is that Judaism will take on new configurations in its new environment. When assertions are made that the Jewish religion is being overshadowed by secular activities, for instance, it is well to remember that American Christianity has a similar complaint. And yet if one admits the necessity of applying religion to everyday life, then a good deal of so-called secular activity among the Jews can be related to the basic religious pattern. Particularly noteworthy is the strength of the High Holidays, the most solemnly religious days of the Jewish calendar, on which American Jews fill the synagogues and temples to overflowing. It should be realized, too, that Jewish religious organizations is far from static. New congregations have been springing up in various parts of the country, and the seminaries are hard pressed to meet the continuing demand for rabbis. The national Hillel Foundations too have more requests than they can fill from students who want religious representation on their campuses. Certainly internally the situation is hopeful. And since this country has a tradition of diversity in religious groupings, it is also likely that the Jews, as a religious

community, will be reasonably secure from without.

Mr. Koestler has, I think, seen too little of the American Jewish religious community for him to be offering that community euthanasia. There are many Americans who have long been Jews but never Zionists; Mr. Koestler, I fear, has been long a Zionist but never a Jew—never, that is, in the same way that these Americans have been Jews. Mr. Koestler is a European. European Jewry has traditionally had more of a socio-cultural character than American Jewry. To Koestler, Zionism has been a substitute religion. Now that that religion has reached its apparent fulfilment, there is nothing left for him but emptiness. How much more meaningful it might be if, instead of embracing that emptiness and attempting to foist it upon others with false wrappings of redemption, he would revert to the real religion, Judaism, and add to its vitality!

Mr. Koestler does allow for the bare possibility of a Judaic religion surviving outside Israel, but he opines that it must, if it is to protect its followers from the charges of divided loyalty and separateness, be a "system of faith and cosmopolitan ethics freed from all racial presumption and national exclusivity. But, he goes on, a Jewish religion thus performed would be stripped of all its specifically Jewish content."

For which one can only blush for the blithely ignorant. Is it possible that Mr. Koestler has never heard of Reform or Liberal Judaism? Has he never heard of Isaac Mayer Wise, of Kaufmann Kohler, of Julian Morgenstern, of Stephen S. Wise, of Nelson Glueck? Can he be completely unaware that there already exists, and has existed for a hundred years in America the Jewish system of faith and ethics freed from all "racial" presumption and national exclusivity that he is talking about? Does he not know that the Reform ritual for the Passover seder from

its beginning omitted the phrase "To next year in Jerusalem"?

The basic error in Mr. Koestler's approach is that he himself is non-religious. He can't really appreciate what he is asking for, for to him it means merely continuing as he is, a cosmopolitan intellectual with a personal ethic, but without any religious ties. For the small group of so-called alienated Jews, therefore, Mr. Koestler's suggestion may carry some appeal. For most others, however, his proposed relapse into neuterdom would be well-nigh unthinkable. Religion is an important aspect of organized society. If Jews are not to be Jews, what shall they be? Would Koestler advocate mass conversion? One need only consult the history of the German Jews to find how cruelly circular is that road to salvation.

"To renounce the Jewish faith," Mr. Koestler says, "does not mean to jettison the perennial values of Judaic tradition. Its essential teachings have passed long ago into the main-stream of the Judaeo-Christian heritage." Exactly what does he mean? Assuming that he doesn't advocate conversion, and granting that he thinks it impossible (though the facts belie him) to have a modern Jewish form of worship that perpetuates the perennial values without the old-world attitudes, then what would he leave us with? Merely the knowledge that those values given to the world by Judaism have long been advocated by Christianity? This gives limited comfort, in the face of the dichotomy which still exists between Christianity's precepts and the Christian world's practice. (The *Hartford Courant*, editorializing about Secretary of State Acheson's appeal to the Gospel of Matthew in connection with his refusal to renounce his personal friendship for Alger Hiss, commented that this would not endear him to senatorial critics: "For curiously, whenever anybody seeks to take the words of Christ literally, many of us become uneasy.")

Mr. Koestler's notion of cutting the cir-

cle of prejudice by cutting out the Jew is a fantastic perversion of a good intention. No one has ever suggested stopping crime by taking action against the victims rather than the criminals. I wonder whether Mr. Koestler would ask the Catholics to renounce their religion in order to do away with anti-Catholic prejudice, adding the consolatory note that the essential teachings of Catholicism have passed into Protestantism! Should it be necessary . . . to point out that differences are enriching in society as in personality, that in libertarian thinking there is a *right* to be different? His solution is based on the fear that even in the democracies the individual will not be free to live as he chooses if that way happens to be the Jewish way. Rather than pointing up the need to strengthen the forces of genuine democracy, Koestler cries out to abandon ship. What a far cry this is from the voices of the prophets, spelling out the dignity of man! Is individual survival (assuming it can be guaranteed in the manner he suggests) to be bought at any price? If the doomed of the crematories could have retained their faith, to the last moment singing *Ani Maamin*, "I believe," then it is for us a shameful coward's bargain to strip our souls of human dignity for such hypothetical profit. I doubt whether our Christian neighbors would expect or respect such behavior on our part. "Self-minimization," Stephen Wise once said, "is the poorest of passports to the altars of mutual understanding and reverence."

One cannot help feeling that the rush to rethink American Jewry's status by Mr. Koestler and the others who have been indulging in self-analysis in the public pages is just a little premature. It is based on the false premise that there is an immediate choice to be made, that allegiance must be declared one way or the other between Israel's flag or the red-white-and-blue. These jittery souls might benefit from a little historical perspective. The establishment of Israel, let them bear

in mind, does not create a unique historical situation. The Jews have been through it before. In the time of the Babylonian exile, in the 6th century B. C. E., Cyrus the Persian issued a decree offering the Jews the opportunity to return to Palestine. Did they go en masse? Not at all. Some went, it is true, and established themselves in their former homeland. But the majority, who were already first-generation Babylonians, remained in the new land, where they not only lived as free individuals, but produced a memorable culture. The reestablishment of Judea at that time also called forth questions regarding the centrality of the Jewish state and the relationship to it of those outside the state. Yet the existence of Judea proved no obstacle to the growing Jewish community in Babylonia, where the Jewish academies were already developing and the institution of the synagogue was taking shape. Above all, there was emerging among the Babylonian Jews a clearer appreciation of the universality of God. (Although that concept had previously been preached by the prophets, it was only now assuming real meaning, since the older conception of Yahveh as a national deity identified with the homeland could not satisfy a community so remotely situated.) In sum, the community had begun to take root in Babylonia, and it flourished without impedance from the reconstituted homeland.

Now, is it unreasonable to suggest that we may have a parallel to that situation in our time? The American Jewish community, a very young Jewish community, has just begun to take root. It is in a sense just being born. Can we already consign it to death? I would prefer to think that the American Jewish community, no less than the Babylonian Jewish community, will make its own significant contribution to the faith. Certainly we may reasonably wonder whether American Jewry, soon to be freed of the necessity of expending its major energies on the problems of overseas Jewry, may indeed be able to "go its

own way"—not the way of death imposed by Mr. Koestler, but rather the way to newfound life.

And that life, I dare say, will not be restricted to Reform Judaism. Orthodoxy will continue in this country, and so will Conservative Judaism. Each will make its own adjustment, not on the basis of coldly thought-out logic, but in the process of life itself. Judaism, it is true, has embraced the concept of Zion reborn, but Mr. Koestler erroneously assumes that it has been embraced by it. He would make Zionism the frame, when it is only part of the picture.

Koestler may have found his own personal answer to antisemitism, but it is hardly the answer. Zionism alone is not the solution, as he discovered, but neither is self-liquidation. Neither is anti-defamation alone nor goodwill alone nor the impact of psychiatry and education alone nor the effort to secure political freedom and economic security for the world generally, alone, nor the cultivation of individual morality through the religious spirit, alone. The problem must be attacked from every side possible, by both Christian and Jew, as part of the larger effort toward achieving a mature society.

One of the most difficult things for sensitive people to remember (forgetting it is what leads to the despair so many of us have known at one time or another—and I grant a real despair at the bottom of Mr. Koestler's rationalizations) is that in actuality there are no easy, perfect solutions to problems. We are faced with an unending struggle to make life what we want it to be, and the justice we seek for the Jew is but one goal in that struggle. Let us hope that the Jew may someday be free to contribute to the success of that greater struggle without the handicap of first having to justify his own existence. For freed of the necessity of "fighting antisemitism" here, and relieved of

the pressures imposed upon him by the needs of European Jewry, the American Jew can more fully rediscover and implement the insights of his prophetic heritage, "contributing not only to the ennoblement of the American Jewish community but to the advancement of the human race." This is the essence of Judaism. *This* is its promise and its fulfillment.

'TIS HAGAR, MY LOVE

By SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

... and Hagar's heart, a whisper of noon
in the wilderness of Shur. Sunset like an
open wound was not well.

But the desert of gold all possible.
The impossible was so conceived
in Abraham's corrugated flesh.

Wherefore Sarah's skin like stale bread
formal and idle, all too aware of the hot
Euphrates wind in Hagar's hair.

(It was bird's cry time when Abraham was
tempted into the land of Moriah. His night,
a flaring altar ordered by God.)

His love, composed of flames and dark
sighs:
the urgent dusk is but a lamb of burning
wool, the legend of clouds.

And morning came fixed in stillness
as the parting tear in Hagar's eyes
bearing cold delirium of dust, of loss.

The Creative Life of Simon Dubnov*

By SOPHIE DUBNOV ERLICH

This chapter from the CREATIVE LIFE OF SIMON DUBNOV, a biography in Russian of the eminent historian Simon Dubnov was written by his daughter, Sophie Dubnov Erlich.

The author draws freely upon her father's autobiographical work, KNEEGA ZHIZNI, and upon the voluminous correspondence that he carried on with the elite of his time. Commencing with his childhood days in the "Cheder," Mrs. Erlich discusses his contributions to the periodicals RUSSKY YEYREI, VOSCHOD, HASHILOAH, etc.; his studies on Sabbatai Zevi, Jacob Frank; his history of Hasidism and his magnum opus, "The History of the Jews." We are shown the historian's early gropings and ultimate challenging of his predecessors. Whereas, the schools of Zunz and Graetz accepted the theory of two factors in the history of the Diaspora ("creative spiritual effort" and "heroic martyrdom"—GEISTESGESCHICHTE UND LEIDENSGESCHICHTE), Dubnov did not

confine himself to the intellectual and scholastic life of Diaspora Jews, but endeavored to trace the entire life-pattern of his people, social and national. Dubnov ushered in a new method—that of dividing history into two periods: the Oriental and the Western. His "sociological" conception of history differed considerably from the "spiritual" interpretation. According to him, the Jewish people have always been the architect of its own fortune in all branches of human activity, a living nation with certain rites arising from its dispersion.

The octogenarian historian of Jewish martyrdom was among a group shot in Riga by the Nazis in 1941. And, incidentally, Mrs. Erlich's husband, an eminent attorney and leader of the "Bund" in Poland, was shot (together with Alter) by the Soviet authorities during World War II (the latter fact substantiated by Maxim Litvinov at the request of Eleanor Roosevelt and William Green).

—EDITORS.

FROM THE DAYS of his youth Dubnov had accustomed himself to stifling spiritual agitation with work; in keeping with this he also acted in the days of the crisis which overwhelmed Germany. The events of the troubled time did not disturb his inner balance for long. The muffled murmur of the working quarters did not reach the villas in the suburb; the sombre figures of the unemployed did not appear on the broad, tree-lined boulevards on which the writer took his daily stroll, just as erect as in former years, in his never-varying old fashioned hat. After long wanderings the Dubnovs had settled for several years in a spacious sunny apartment on a quiet side-street. Tree-tops flaunted their green under the high windows of the study. The writer paced vigorously over the antique, slightly worn rug along the lengthy shelves; the books upon these shelves, books that had been his faithful companions during his life's wanderings, seemed to him a link that

* Translated from the Russian by Moshe Spiegel

joined the present with the past. Rarely, and only under extreme necessity, did he leave his nook. Having plunged wholly into preparing a monumental work for the press, he emphatically refused to participate in local social organizations, but with the greatest willingness joined the Jewish Scientific Society, formed in 1924 and uniting the scholars of the East and West. Among the more active members were A. Steinberg, D. Kogen, I. Ellbogen, G. Weil, M. and R. Vishnitzer; Dubnov formed friendships with certain of these new acquaintances, including D. Kogen, the philosopher.

His mode of life, subordinated to the exacting rhythm of work, took on definite, rigid forms. The fulfilment of a commandment of great importance became his goal.

In 1925 the Yiddisher Verlag began the publication of *The Universal History of the Jews* in a German translation. Publication in Russian broke off with the fifth volume; the writer consoled himself with the thought that German—the classic

language of the science of history—would make easier the circulation of his work in the different countries of the world. The author of the *History* met with an exceptional bit of luck: A. Steinberg, a young scholar recently arrived in Russia, who had undertaken the translation of the book, proved to be an expert in the subject and a magnificent stylist.

The ten volume work aroused great interest; subscriptions to it during the first months exceeded the boldest expectations of publisher and author. The letters in which S. Dubnov deals with the printing of the first four volumes are filled with enthusiasm. In the beginning of the winter of 1926 the author wrote to Opatoshu that now he would be chained to his desk for a long time—the publisher intended to issue a bulky volume every four months. Even summer did not bring him any rest: in the seaside resort of Albec the writer had to moil and toil for hours at a stretch over the galley-proofs. At the same time the *Latest History* was being published, in Yiddish, by the Kultur-league firm in Warsaw. And, whenever he managed to free himself from the galleys marked with many corrections, Dubnov would let his thoughts shift to the past and recall the unassuming embryo of the *History*, which had had its inception thirty years before.

Ida Dubnov had not indulged in much retrospection; incessantly before her had been the last years in St. Petersburg when, with weak, numbing fingers she had typed hundreds of pages, with a sense of hopelessness. The dream, which had then seemed unrealizable, had come true.

The author had preceded the first volume with a brief foreword, followed by a more expanded introduction, wherein he formulated his credo as an historian. The introduction pointed out that the work was the result of a research which had taken decades. The first stones, forming the foundation of the monumental structure, had been sketches and historical reports, which had appeared in the peri-

odicals of the '80's and '90's. The structure itself was seven years in the building: from 1914 to 1921, during a period of great political storms. It was found possible to begin the publication of the *History* only in the mid-twenties. During the interval between the beginning of the work and its publication much new material had accumulated; the last redaction of a series of chapters differed greatly from the preliminary versions.

The introduction to the German edition of the *History* contains a finished and compact formulation of the author's basic views. The task of the historian (Dubnov affirmed) consists of establishing an organic connection between separate links of the historical process. Up to the present the chief obstacle to the solution of this problem had been the theological tradition. It pressed particularly hard upon the Biblical period; even the originators of Biblical criticism had not been able to free themselves from it completely. The latest period—the mediaeval—was also revealed by historians in the light of one-sided spirituality; it was maintained without question that a people deprived of territory could evince activity only in the sphere of spiritual life, remaining a passive object of history in other respects. In keeping with this principle Zunz and Graetz reduced the history of the Jewish people during the Diaspora to a literary survey, which is patently attested to by the periodization they decided upon: division into epochs—those of the Talmud, the Gaons, Rabbinism, Enlightenment. Dubnov countered this tendency through a bio-sociological conception. He maintained that the Jewish people, guided by the instinct of national self-preservation, were actively responsible for their own fate not only during the period of their sovereign life but throughout their entire history. During the long ages of their dispersal they invariably emerge as a nation and not as a religious communal society. This strongly forged national individuality strives for autono-

mous forms of existence, creating in those countries where they most densely settled particular forms of self-government: Exilarchs, the Gaonate, the law-giving Synods of Babylon, communal congresses in Spain, Kahals and "Vaads" in Poland and Lithuania. At the present time the idea of autonomy, inspired by the national Jewish movement, finds its support in the principle of equal rights for national minorities, which has become an integral part of contemporary equity.

The character of Jewish historiography was determined (Dubnov affirmed) by the fact that its inception took place when assimilation was at its height. The conviction that the Jews did not represent a nation but a religious group compelled an identification of the history of the people with the history of Judaism. Even such an independent rational historian as Graetz could not break with this tradition. Dubnov declared that the time had come for a reappraisal of values: the secularization of the idea of Jewish nationalization demanded a secularization of historical science, its liberation from the shackles of spiritual dogmatism. In keeping with this new conception, *national individuality, its origin, growth and struggle for existence*, must become the new pivotal point of history. The Jews, the historian affirmed, had formed a nation during the epoch of their first political crisis: the Babylonian exile. A second catastrophe had created new forms for guarding national unity through autonomous bodies. The author of the *History* established the principle that Judaism is formed in the image and likeness of the social environment in which the people live, and not vice versa. This point of departure demanded a re-survey of antiquated views of such phenomena of Jewish history as prophetism, Pharisaism, Christianity, the Talmud. Condemning the disregard of economics in the works of the spiritualistic historians, Dubnov reminds us that the life of a people is determined by the interaction of a whole series of factors.

The author confesses that in his first works he paid tribute to theological traditions, and only with the passing of time freed himself from the influence of Zunz and Graetz. Defending in his publicist essays the idea of autonomy, he came little by little to the conviction that this idea is confirmed by the entire experience of many centuries of Jewish history. From this issued a new conception of periodicity, according to which the history of a period of sovereignty is divided into certain phases with regard to political aspects, while the history of the Diaspora is divided with regard to geographical ones. The author divides the history as a whole into two periods: the Eastern and the Western. During the Western, hegemony was gradually passing from one center to another—Spain, Northern France, Germany, Poland and Russia; during the latter decades two new centers arose: America and Palestine.

Dubnov saw something symbolic in the fact that his work was fated to appear in the birthplace of Jewish historiography and Biblical criticism. Although he indulged in polemics with his predecessors, he valued them highly and considered them his teachers.

The last volume of the *History* appeared in the fall of 1926. This event was celebrated in the circle of the author's friends. The mood was an exalted one. The general theme, with many variations, was that now, after the realization of the main task of his life, the author had the right to a prolonged rest. "A rest?" Dubnov was amazed. "What rest can there be when one's offspring, which came into the world forty years ago, has waited in vain for its chance to this very day?" He reminded his friends that even in the days of his youth he had begun the study and gathering of material for a history of Hasidism.

The result of these labors was a series of essays in *The Dawn*, which initiated the Jewish-Russian reader into a great religious-social movement, springing from the depths of the people's life. Keeping pace

with the publication of the essays on Hasidism, the author's archives were being rounded out with new sources, and the outlines of an extensive monograph were already taking shape in his imagination. The realization of this dream was, however, put off from year to year because of tasks of wider scope: according to the rigorously thought-out plan the *History of Hasidism* was to follow immediately the *Universal History*. Dubnov decided to write his new opus in Hebrew: the material to which he had to refer constantly—the Hasidic and Mishnaic texts—was more conveniently cited in the original. It was not the literary-technical considerations alone, however, which dictated the decision which proved a surprise to many readers. The author had long since conceived the idea of writing one of his major works in the ancient national tongue; Ahad Ha-Am had received his promise that the *History of Hasidism* would be thus written.

Almost simultaneously with the last volume of the *History* there appeared a small volume in Yiddish. The collection entitled *From the Jargon to Yiddish*, published in Vilna (1929), contained a series of literary recollections which had been written concurrently with the greater work, in the intervals between 1916 and 1928, for the most part under the influence of emotional impulses. Scattered among periodicals, these literary sketches were unified by the idea of the growing significance of Yiddish and by a profound regard for the pioneers of the people's literature. On reading over his old articles the writer felt the necessity of undertaking one more task, which he had had a burning desire to complete for many years. In one of his essays, first published in 1886, Criticus had confessed that he had approached the reading of the "jargon" poems of I. L. Gordon with a certain prejudice: he could not believe that genuine poetry was possible in a language having no established grammatical forms and lacking in nuances. Two years later, influenced by an acquaint-

tance with the works of Sholem Aleichem and Spector, the young journalist overcame these doubts. Thenceforth in his critical reviews he testified to a new phenomenon in the life of Jewry: the rise of an authentically national literature, fulfilling the demands of the masses to a greater degree than did literature in Russian or ancient Hebrew. He attempted to convince those who opposed the "jargon," bemoaning its poverty, that genuine folk literature is possible only in the everyday language of a people, with its living color and intransmissible intonations. His daring prognosis which, in the '80's, had been disputed by the majority of Russian-Jewish journalists was finally confirmed. And, at a time when he was summing up his life experience, Dubnov felt a desire to show the way which led from the "jargon" to Yiddish.

The introduction to the collection marked the profound displacements in the life of contemporary Jewry: the ancient language of its liturgy and literature has become the everyday speech of Palestine, while the "jargon," which had been considered the stepchild of its culture, has become, in Western Europe and America, the language of literature, of the press, of science. "The new generation," Dubnov has said, "must know that forty-five or fifty years ago neither Mendele nor Sholem Aleichem, nor any representative of literature in the jargon, could have dreamt that a time would come when Yiddish would be able to compete with Hebrew, and even with more facile European tongues, in the school, in literature, in the press, in the domain of science—that it would so quickly become transformed from the language of the "common folk" into a national one. The Yiddish Scientific Institute with its series of scholarly publications in history, economics, philology, folklore—how improbable would its perspective have seemed in the old days! And yet this transformation is being consummated before our eyes—and it is only the beginning!

"One ought not, however, to lapse into linguistic chauvinism . . . It is impossible to deny the permanent significance not only of the ancient language of the people but also of the languages of Europe and America, which have factually become an implement of culture for various segments of our people. But it is our duty to indicate . . . the flowering of the popular language upon a soil of the greatest massing of Jews."

Like a living procession there pass through the collection people connected with the literary renaissance: Zederbaum the publisher, a typical Maskil rationalist of the '80's, the founder of a popular newspaper in the jargon for those "lowly in spirit" for whom the "serious" press organs in Russian and Hebrew were inaccessible; M. Spector, a pioneering writer, who struggled against a disdain that had become rooted among the intellectuals; the Maskil-romanticist Dine-son, the author of naive, touching tales. A central point in the book is devoted to Abramovich (Mendele), Sholem Aleichem and Frug. The author's intimacy with Sholem Aleichem, as can be seen from the recollections, was founded on the common struggle for the recognition of a people's tongue. The letters of the young Jewish story-teller, cited in the collection, stress repeatedly that Criticus alone among the Russian-Jewish journalists stood up for the rights of the poor "jargon" and defended it against attacks. Because of their mutual feelings there grew up a friendship which for a number of years was sustained by correspondence and brief meetings. Dubnov's intimacy of many years with Abramovich is likewise marked by emotional richness. The recollections, written immediately after the death of his old friend, revive an atmosphere of intimate communion that enriched the soul. Dubnov always remembered in what a masterly fashion Mendele used to read aloud lyrical passages from his works, and how he had once said: "I, too, am a historian, but of

a special sort. When you will come to the history of the nineteenth century you will have to use my works." Abramovich's letters to his younger colleague are full of great warmth; in all probability there were not many who considered the brusque and imperious Grandfather of Yiddish literature capable of such effusions. Dubnov, in drawing the portraits of his friends, has the skill of finding gentle human traits; this creates a genial atmosphere. The lines devoted to Frug, the companion of his youth, who had lived a hard unsuccessful life, are fraught with deep pensiveness.

Having rendered tribute to his personal recollections, the author plunged into work upon the history of Hasidism; dusty, yellowed manuscripts were pulled out of desk-drawers. He regarded with agitation the characters in which one caught the voice of the ages. The descent of a generation of Misnagdim who had remained faithful to Spencer and Mill, he was in no condition to withstand the strange fascination of a mystical movement born within the core of a people during its years of tribulations. It was necessary to work with new uninvestigated material. "I had to gather the building material," he wrote in the introduction to the Yiddish edition, which was published in Vilna practically at the same time as the original, "to dig the sand, mix the clay, mould the bricks and then build in accordance with a definite architectural plan. I utilized all Hasidic literature, the dogmatic as well as the legendary, trying to find a system in the tangle of the various Hasidic 'teachings' and to bring to light the grains of truth in naive folk traditions. I sought to check the data in the material which has come down to us from the Misnagid literature . . . I thus had an opportunity to connect the statics of Hasidism with dynamics . . ."

After the enthusiastic pioneer had, with his preliminary essays in *The Dawn*, cleared a path for scholars, monographs on Hasidism began to appear, systema-

tizing the extensive legendary and historical material. Dubnov valued in particular the works of M. Buber, who exquisitely stylized the Hasidic legends and the aphorisms of the Zaddikim. The new studies, however, did not go beyond the refining of the raw material. Their authors had succeeded in overthrowing the superficial conception of Hasidism which had been nurtured by the *Haskala* as a hothouse of ignorance and reaction, but the depiction of the historical process did not enter into their problem. Dubnov was the first to approach Hasidism as a dynamic popular movement and to point out its social roots. "The chief aim of my book," he wrote, "lies in including the Hasidic movement in the chain of events in Jewish history, in shedding a light upon its social sources and consequences, in finding a place for it in the development of our culture. I have brought that history up to 1815, to the point where the period of struggle between Hasidism and the *Haskala* begins. At this time the creative period of Hasidism comes to an end, and the movement is reborn as a whole into practical Zaddikism . . . This is the beginning of an epoch of decline."

The author was faced with a two-fold problem. The fixation of the ideological genesis of Hasidism determined the place of this movement in the process of the spiritual development of the Jewry; the analysis of the social conditions thrust it within the framework of a definite period. The struggle between Hasidism and Rabbinism had emerged in this light as the latest form of that dissension between the personal and the national origin which traverses the entire history of the people, now bursting into flame, now subsiding. Dubnov considered as its culminating point the springing up of Christianity, which had grown out of Essenism, and which had proclaimed the primacy of individuality over sociality, of man over the nation. During the transitional epoch the Pharisees had proved to be the leaders of the people, while their heirs proved to

be the creators of the Torah; but the dissension, which had been stifled for so long, flared up in the middle of the 18th century, when the wreck of Messianic yearnings, the Haidamack pogroms, bloody calumnies, poverty and lawlessness brought the enormous masses of Eastern Jewry to despair. Neither ritual, nor Talmudic super-wisdom, nor the mystical formulae of the *Cabbala*, accessible only to the initiate, afforded any way out of the *cul de sac*. Thereupon a mighty and peculiar religious movement sprang up among the basic stratum of the people. "Hasidism," wrote Dubnov, "was not a reformation, impinging upon the foundations of religion and its ramifications; it strove to transform not the faith but the credo when it put emotion above reason, a blending with God above a realization of God, the truth of the heart above bookish truth." This movement absorbed into itself elements of *Cabbalistic* mysticism, having approximated it to the level of average man. During the sombre transitional epoch it raised the self-esteem of the persecuted Jew, having created a sense of inner freedom in an atmosphere of outer oppression."

Dubnov distinguishes four periods in the history of Hasidism: 1: the epoch of the rise of the movement, headed by the Besht, and of the first conflicts with Rabbinism (1740-1781); 2: the period of the growth of Hasidism in Eastern Europe, the formation of dynasties of the Zaddikim, and of the final schism (1782-1815); 3: the period of strengthening of Zaddikism and the struggle with the *Haskala* (1815-1870); and 4: the period of the decline of the movement.

Written with especial animation were those chapters from which there emerged the image of the Besht, veiled, in a lyrical haze, or the dramatic figure of the Gaon of Vilna. This animation has transformed the scholarly work, bristling with footnotes and quotations, into an historical drama of many acts, which the reader follows with bated breath.

WASHINGTON NOTES

By MURRAY FRANK

ONCE AGAIN we must look toward the new session of Congress beginning in January of 1951 for the possible enactment of some of the civil rights measures advocated by President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights. Three years have passed since that committee issued its famous report, but almost nothing has been accomplished. During this time we have had the Republican-controlled 80th Congress and the Democratic-controlled 81st Congress, but neither of them would pass any of the legislation of the President's civil rights program. Interestingly enough, both the Republican and Democratic platforms of 1948 called for civil rights legislation, but the coalition of Southern Democrats and conservative Republicans somehow always succeeded in killing such legislation in committee or in filibustering it to death when it reached the floor of Congress.

The measure which attracted most attention and came closest to being adopted was the FEPC bill (fair employment). This bill, which aims to eliminate discriminatory practices in employment, was first considerably watered-down in the House by amendments limiting its enforcement powers and so approved. This weak and almost meaningless measure then was sent on to the Senate, where Majority Leader Sen. Scott Lucas (of Illinois) made two attempts to bring it to a vote, but was stymied each time by Southern filibuster tactics. The only way to stop the filibuster was to invoke the

cloture amendment requiring the approval of at least two-thirds of the Senate members, but in each case the amendment was defeated by about 12 to 15 votes.

Other civil rights bills made even less "progress." For the fifth consecutive time the House approved the bill to repeal the poll tax in the Southern states, and for the fifth time it was killed in committee and never even allowed to reach the Senate floor for consideration. The anti-lynching bill did not get beyond committee consideration in either house. Similarly, the McGrath-Celler so-called "comprehensive civil rights bill," which sought to make more effective existing civil rights laws, also died in committee.

The only step taken of a positive nature was made not by Congress, but by the Truman Administration. During 1950, the Department of Defense began to eliminate segregation and discrimination at military bases and camps. This is being done gradually, but so far quite successfully, in the ranks of our armed forces—most of the progress having been attained by the Navy and Air Force, and to a much lesser degree by the Army. Alongside the total picture of failure on the part of Congress to enact any civil rights legislation, the action taken by the Administration and the military authorities is a very encouraging factor.

More than ever before, in this period of hysteria and befuddled thinking we need unity on every level of society if the United States is to endure as a strong

nation and a leader of the free world. The denial of rights which we profess to hold inalienable to any one group is a stumbling-block in the path of true democracy. We must set an example to the world in practicing the principles of tolerance, understanding, and the treatment of minorities in our midst. Early elimination of discriminatory practices in employment, in education, in housing and in other phases of our national life will be the best safeguard of our freedom here and will gain for us many friends throughout the world for the cause of democracy. It is to be hoped that the 82nd Congress will recognize this fact and succeed where its predecessors failed.

* * *

THE MCCARRAN-WOOD Communist-control bill, enacted by Congress as the "Internal Security Act of 1950," is definitely an example of the befuddled thinking of our times and of the hysteria in which we live. Despite President Truman's vehement opposition and veto of the bill on the grounds that it would prove to be unworkable and would compel the government to enforce thought-control upon the population, only a handful of members in both houses of Congress voted to uphold the President. To be sure, this writer knows of many members of Congress who voted for the bill against their better judgment in the erroneous belief that the people wanted it and that it would help catch a few votes.

We shall not go into a discussion at this time of the various points of this measure, which were widely analyzed at the time it was enacted. We have also had several notable examples which only underscored the workability of the law and verified President Truman's warning that the law would make a "mockery of the deep American belief in human freedom and dignity." In the light of the law's extravagances and the difficulties facing the De-

partment of Justice in enforcing it, it is to be hoped that the new Congress will take a second look at this monstrosity and either repeal or modify it.

Already a number of Senators and Congressmen have issued calls for repeal or drastic modification of the Communist-control law, and others are reported to have realized their mistake in voting for it and are ready to recant. The fact that several months will have passed between the time the measure was adopted and the convening of the new Congress, may make it possible for the legislators to examine the measure dispassionately, so that ultimately a more rational revision of the act will be possible. Fortunately, a very sound instinct of democracy still pervades this country, and one of the great advantages of democracy is that its legislators not only can make the laws but can also unmake them.

Shortly after the Communist-control bill was enacted, this writer discussed the act with one of the 20 Congressmen who fearlessly and courageously opposed it and fought against it on the floor of the House. He is Representative Abraham J. Multer, Democrat of New York, one of our more enlightened and truly liberal members. Congressman Multer told me as follows:

I am vigorously opposed to any punishment being meted out to any of our citizens who may have different political views. Thought control is not in the American spirit or tradition. It is the practice of dictatorships, not of democracies. Although I have spoken out against Communism on numerous occasions, I was and still am opposed to thought-control bills. Such bills are bad, they will do us untold harm and will not help us solve the situation. They are designed to catch votes, not spies. As I told the Congress, the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798 were directed against subversives, too. The reported cases, however, show that the only ones convicted and jailed under them were Republicans who opposed legislation espoused by the Federalists—the then majority party. I do not want my party prosecuting Republicans or even Dixiecrats, nor do I ever want to find Democrats in a position to be prosecuted by them—because of political or religious beliefs.

THE UNITED NATIONS Genocide Convention to outlaw the mass murder of entire nations and ethnic groups was finally brought into effect last October when the necessary 20 governments ratified the convention, thereby recognizing this crime under international law. The United States, which led the United Nations General Assembly in adopting the convention at the session in Paris two years ago, has lagged lamentably and is not among the first 20 nations ratifying the pact. Instead of being among the leaders, we are not even in the ranks of the followers.

The Genocide pact has been held up in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which conducted extensive hearings but failed to report the pact to the Senate for a vote. President Truman repeatedly urged the Senate to ratify the convention, but some of our Senators prefer rather to heed the advice of the American Bar Association and certain Southern elements who see some danger in its enactment because of the Negroes in the South.

As these lines are written, the 81st Congress is meeting in its post-election session. It is extremely doubtful whether the Genocide Pact will be brought up during the few brief weeks left, which means an effort will be necessary in the 82nd Congress. It is definitely a misfortune and a blow to American prestige that just when the world looks to us for guidance and leadership, we become entangled in juridical disputes and overlook the forest for the trees.

* * *

MISSISSIPPI'S GIFT TO THE NATION, anti-Semitic Congressman John Rankin, has been working furiously these past months to brand all Jews as Communists and subversives. Without specifically denouncing Jews, Rankin proceeded recently to make a scurrilous attack on

Jews by enumerating Communists with Jewish-sounding names who were arrested for spying or subversive activities. In each instance he cited biographical details, place of birth, and even names and places of birth of their parents. In some instances he is careful to stress that this particular person is listed in "Who's Who in American Jewry." He then made this observation:

"There is not a single Christian or a single white Gentile among these Communists whom I have just named, and who have been plotting the overthrow of this Government and the destruction of our Christian civilization."

If that is not a strong enough indictment, he clearly infers that the Jews are the "enemies within our gates" and that at least 75 percent of the Communists in the United States come from the same group.

Jewish members of Congress quickly refuted such base charges and insinuations which deliberately seek to impugn the loyalty of American Jews. They reminded their colleagues in Congress that American Jews played a significant role in helping to build up this country from its earliest days, cited the Jewish war record throughout American history up to and including the war in Korea, and listed some of the Jewish contributions to every phase of American life and thought.

All through the ages fanatics have denounced men who differed from them. And all through the ages we find honest and upright men who refute them and hold them up to the scorn of the world.

* * *

IN CONTRAST to the disruptive and downright disloyal work of the Rankins and others who are undermining the unity of this nation, is the task recently performed by the National Education Association's Commission for the Defense of Democracy Through Education. The Commission

has just published a 100-page pamphlet "True Faith and Allegiance," which is an inquiry into education for human brotherhood and understanding. The members of the commission, headed by Dr. Harold Benjamin, dean of Maryland University's College of Education, reach some interesting conclusions and observations.

The job with the highest priority in education today, the commission says, is to teach people to recognize prejudice and to speak out against it. Mountains of prejudice in this country and in the world would move if people would learn to speak out against it, the educators assert. The booklet is directed primarily to the teachers of America as follows:

To you, Teachers of America, we sound this call . . . You are, most of you, Catholics, Jews, or Protestants. Some of the toughest roadblocks in the action to which we are calling you will arise from prejudices for and against various religious groups. We know that you are pledged to fight these prejudices as a matter of principle. Those who founded and developed your systems of worship were agreed on the doctrine of the brotherhood of all men and the religious requirement that all men should serve all men. Loyalty to the highest concepts of the Jewish-Christian beliefs demands support of this doctrine in every classroom and in every community in this land. This is the foundation of the democratic society to which you and your people have long borne flaming allegiance. This is the heart of the religions to which you and your people have given steadfast devotion. This is the soul of your greatest national documents.

These are stirring words which should go to the heart and soul of every teacher in this country. If properly followed out, the impact of these words on the minds of our younger generation should prove to be very effective. The teachers of America have the opportunity to perform a great deed for their country—to rid it of prejudice, intolerance, and bigotry! It is a tall order, but working in unison it can be done, it must be done for a better and a happier America tomorrow.

* * *

THE ATTENTION of Washington has been concentrated in recent weeks on the possibility of establishing a Mediterranean Pact, allied with the North Atlantic Alliance. An initial step was taken when Turkey and Greece were granted partial or "associated" partnership with the 12 nations of the North Atlantic Alliance in matters pertaining to the defense of the Mediterranean area. It now remains to be seen how Israel and the Arab states will fit into this scheme.

It is openly admitted in Washington that one of the major reasons why Turkey was not given full-fledged membership in the North Atlantic Alliance, was that it was feared in Washington and London that Turkey's membership would have led to a similar application from Israel. Aside from the fact that an application from Israel would prove embarrassing to the Atlantic nations, certain officials in the State Department argued that consideration or acceptance of Israel's application would further alienate the Arab states from the West and would revive hostilities in the Near East. Thus, indirectly, Turkey can thank her Moslem Arab neighbors for having failed to obtain full status in the North Atlantic Alliance to which she aspired.

Discussing the question of Near East stability and the possibility of a Mediterranean pact, *The Washington Post* observed editorially:

"Clearly the eastern end of the Mediterranean is of signal importance in the strategy of the Western world, and unity would be added insurance to the Western allies as well as to the constituent nations . . . A Mediterranean pact would have added strength if it were extended to Israel, and eventually to a more responsible Egypt than at present exists."

The reference to "a more responsible Egypt than at present exists" was interesting and timely. It was an indication that Egypt is regarded by Washington as the only major tinder-box in the Near East which could upset all plans for strategic defense of the area and set it aflame

by unwarranted acts of aggression or a "second round" against Israel. The timeliness of the reference is underscored by the fact that a series of important conferences had just been held in Washington between Secretary of State Acheson and the Egyptian Foreign Minister Salah El-Din, who sought American military and financial aid. Egypt is anxious to obtain American assistance to build up a large army. She seeks huge quantities of arms and equipment, and even American instructors. She would also like to obtain large dollar credits to strengthen the sagging Egyptian economy.

Reports at the time this is written indicate that Egypt's request has been turned down by the State Department for several reasons. The United States is concerned lest the increased pace of armament on the part of Egypt might be turned against Israel some day in a war of revenge. This is said to be a major reason, although there are others such as the more urgent need for American arms elsewhere and the lack of "a more responsible Egypt." Common sense dictates that the rearming of Egypt on a vast scale would not be in the interests of peace and stability in the Near East. A Mediterranean pact including all nations of the area and the attainment of a negotiated peace between Israel and the Arab states would be a contribution to world peace and security of much greater dimensions.

* * *

A UNITED AMERICAN JEWRY deliberated in Washington for four days seeking the means and planning the ways to aid the State of Israel weather the economic crisis in which it finds itself as a result, primarily, of the large-scale Jewish immigration. The National Planning Conference for Israel and Jewish Rehabilitation, sponsored by 44 national Jewish organizations in the United States and attended by 1200 delegates from about 500 Jewish com-

munities, was unquestionably the largest and most representative gathering in recent American Jewish history. All elements of Jewish life and activity in this country, with the sole exception of the ultra assimilationist and violently anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism, participated in this great outpouring of deep friendship and the proffer of aid to enable Israel continue its development as a democratic force in the Near East and to attain economic independence.

Although the decisions of the conference remain to be implemented, the very fact that a gathering of this nature had materialized and that it was possible to keep it on a level of unity which is unusual in American Jewish life may in time recognize this conference as a historic landmark in the history of the American Jewish community. It may also be the beginning of a new era in the relationship of American Jewry to the people and the State of Israel, a relationship based on economic cooperation and cultural and religious ties, without political affiliation or influence.

Specifically, the conference was faced with the immediate economic emergency in Israel and with the problem of long-range economic planning for the development of the Jewish State in order to make it self-sustaining. A four-point program was unanimously adopted and full support was given it by all organizations and delegates who rose as one man in their promise to mobilize all possible resources to fulfill this program. These four points are as follows:

One, since the United States is seeking to strengthen the forces of democracy in the world, our government is urged to help Israel through grants-in-aid, loans and other financial support. While no sums are officially mentioned in the program, leaders and delegates spoke in terms of several hundred million dollars.

Two, the United Jewish Appeal is still to be regarded a potent source of aid,

consequently American Jewry is urged to intensify its efforts to make available increased funds to UJA for Jewish rehabilitation, immigration and resettlement in Israel.

Three, since UJA funds meet only basic relief and resettlement needs, other resources must be provided by the Jews of America; full cooperation, therefore, was pledged to efforts of the Israel Government to float a public loan in the form of bonds to be sold in the United States, thus providing an additional means of obtaining funds for its development program in Israel.

Four, in line with more favorable conditions created recently by the government of Israel for private investment, American investors are to be encouraged to participate in business and industrial enterprises at profitable returns.

Such is the four-point program which is designed to provide a billion dollars for Israel during the coming three years. A new departure may be noted in this aid program, namely, the shift in empha-

sis from philanthropy to more conventional economic media of help, such as government loans and grants, interest-bearing government bonds, and investment of capital by private entrepreneurs seeking a profitable return on their investment. Philanthropy is not entirely eliminated, its importance is still a factor as long as large-scale immigration continues, but Israel itself is anxious for the time when it will no longer have to be dependent economically on philanthropic support. The successful implementation of this four-point economic program may well result in making Israel self-sustaining and well on the road to economic stabilization within a matter of the next five or six years.

Civil liberty is the status of the man who is guaranteed by law and civil institutions the exclusive employment of all his own powers for his own welfare.

W. G. SUMNER:
The Forgotten Man



West Coast Letter

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

IN LAST QUARTER'S LETTER I had occasion to comment on the remarkable transformation that has taken place in the second hearings conducted by the FCC on the petition of George Richards for a renewal of license on Stations KMPC (Los Angeles), WGAR (Cleveland) and WJR (Detroit). In the first hearings, the government held the initiative; but in these current hearings Richards is prosecuting the government—or so it would seem. In part the change of atmosphere reflects the general change in the political climate but it is also due, in some measure, to a change in tactics on the part of Richards. In these hearings, Richards has employed expert public relations counsel and is fighting the case in the public print. This has no doubt been an expensive operation but it has paid off handsomely. For example, the west coast news magazine *Fortnight*, in its issue of September 15, 1950, carried a three-quarter page KMPC advertisement on Page 6. On Page 15, appeared a column and a half news story and picture of Richards. The news story reads as though it were written by Richards' public relations counsel. The opening line is: "After 2½ years of parrying, 2½ months of federal hearings, and 2½ million words of argument and testimony, Station KMPC owner G. A. Richards got his day in court last fortnight." The fact is, of course, that this

self-same Richards has been *avoiding* a day in court for months. In fact he has spent a sizable sum in expert medical fees to adduce testimony that he has a weak heart and that his life might be endangered if he were forced to testify!

In this hearing, too, all those who know anything about the facts which the government has brought to light have been shocked to note the way in which prominent officials have come forward to testify that Richards is a sterling character, full of the milk of human kindness, a big-hearted gent who dearly loves all of God's children and Jews in particular. Among the prominent citizens and officials who have testified for Richards with full knowledge of his anti-Semitic views and policies have been: Mayor Fletcher Bowron (who must now face a recall election); Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz; Supervisor William A. Smith; Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr., pastor of the First Congregational Church—the largest Congregational church in the nation; Lieutenant-Governor Goodwin J. Knight; Edward S. Shattuck, Republican candidate for Attorney General; and other prominent civic "leaders" and officials, including a number of popular figures in the world of sports, such as Ty Cobb and Bert Haney (manager of the Hollywood Stars). Day after day, newspaper readers have read the eloquent tributes which these well-

known figures have paid to the honesty, purity of intention, integrity, and general all-round fair-mindedness of one G. A. Richards who made it a practice to instruct commentators and newscasters to needle the Jews whenever they got a chance. Indeed these second hearings have been turned into a soap-box forum from which attacks have been launched against "the welfare state," the FCC, and the very idea of unbiased newscasting. Dr. Fifield, whose appearance for Richards was no surprise, said that the recent hearings were more "like Russian than American."

Not only is this case of paramount importance in the field of mass communications—it is likely to become the key precedent but it has a symbolic relevance to some larger issues. I find it quite disturbing, for example, that the press, which was largely neutral or indifferent in its reporting of the first hearing, should be so consistently "hostile" and partisan in its reporting of these second hearings. Apparently the press has come to believe that if radio newscasting should be free of bias, so newspaper reporting might fall within the same scrutiny. I find it also quite disturbing that so-called "community leaders" should be so indifferent to the proved manifestations not of mild anti-Semitic aberrations but of consistent anti-Semitic policies and practices. Underlying these issues is one of even greater importance, namely, the notion that has echoed throughout these hearings that it is somehow immoral and "subversive" even to inquire into the biased policies of a radio station. The theory seems to be that a radio station, like a newspaper, belongs to the owner in fee simple; that it is for him to do with as he sees fit; and that he is in no manner accountable to the public for his management of a medium which is really owned by the public and which is so clearly invested with a public interest. Not only does this seem to be the prevailing attitude but those who have voiced it at these second hearings have

not hesitated to describe the effort to inquire into the fitness of Richards as a radio licensee as an attack, if you please, on "freedom of speech."

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GERALD L. K. SMITH was back in Los Angeles with four meetings at the Embassy Auditorium, August 10, 11, 12, and 13, 1950. This time he managed to sneak a large ad into at least one of the local newspapers. Nowadays, of course, Smith doubtless appears to many people as an inspired social prophet and a gifted forecaster of events; many of the things he forecast in 1945 have actually transpired. But, despite this break, his stock as an agitator does not seem to have risen perceptibly. It must be very annoying to the Detroit rabble-rouser to be unable to capitalize, to any significant extent, upon the turn which events have taken. How galling it must be to him to see others take over and exploit issues which he espoused when the going was tough! Nor will those who now exploit these issues even accept his support or acknowledge that his is the ideological bank from which they have made such large withdrawals. On this trip, of course, Smith has been denouncing James Roosevelt and Helen Gahagan Douglas, Democratic nominees for Governor and United States Senator. But Governor Earl Warren, the Republican nominee, has meanly refused to accept Smith's support. Actually there is no disagreement, on many issues, between Smith's point of view and that, say, of Congressman Richard Nixon, the Republican nominee for U. S. Senator.

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A YEAR AGO I reported in this column that Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr., of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, had made his popular and widely attended Sunday-night forum available to a speaker who had made a most unfair attack on the Jews and on Zionism. After much protest, Fifield finally permitted

two spokesmen, one a Jew and one a Protestant, to reply to this vicious attack. But one year later, almost to the day, Fifield invited to this same platform one Yusif El-Bandak, whose views on Zionism, the Jews, and Israel are about the same as the views of Gerald L. K. Smith. This time, perhaps out of weariness or cynicism, little protest was voiced. I cite this incident only to show that there is a basic agreement, on many public issues, between explicitly anti-Semitic spokesmen and highly placed and extremely influential leaders in our society. If actual "agreement" is lacking, sympathetic understanding is clearly apparent.

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LOS ALAMOS, NEW MEXICO, the strange city-in-the-skies, where 10,000 people live on a beautiful plateau overlooking the Sangre de Cristo range, is an oasis of federal sovereignty; a "company town" of government employees. For some time now, Los Alamos has suffered from a shortage of dentists. Recently the local health clinic induced six dentists to take the state board examination. Three of the six, all Jewish, failed to pass. They are: Dr. Nathan Peretzman, Dr. Howard Belgorod, and Dr. Harold Barrie. The charge was promptly, and publicly, voiced that the state board was biased and a conference has now been arranged between Los Alamos officials and the president of the state board of dental examiners at which the whole question will be discussed. The incident is revealing. Months ago I pointed out, in this column, that a clear pattern of anti-Semitism was apparent in the policies of the state board of dental examiners in the neighboring state of Arizona. The Los Alamos inquiry, therefore, should be pushed to a real conclusion. For example, it would be interesting to know how many Jews have taken the New Mexico state board examination in the last decade and how many have passed. Frankly I would like to know just how many Jews have ever been admitted

to the practice of dentistry in New Mexico. This question of Jews in relation to dentistry, particularly in certain western states, is one that might well engage the attention of Jewish defense organizations.

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THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS of Los Angeles County has conferred upon us, the residents of this swollen and jittery metropolis, the dubious distinction of being the first community in the United States to require the registration of all persons holding unpopular social, economic, and political beliefs. The county ordinance goes far beyond the requirement that members of the Communist Party shall register; other provisions also require the registration of Marxists, radicals, and economic non-conformists. The ordinance is doubtless unconstitutional; whether any court can be induced, in these times, to declare it unconstitutional is, of course, another matter. What interests me is the fact that the ordinance says nothing about "fascists" or "nazis" or those holding similar views. Not that I think that such persons should be required to register; quite the contrary. But it is significant that in the guise of protecting American democracy against "totalitarianism" we should take such a one-sided view of the problem. Also of interest is the fact that the hearing room of the Board of Supervisors was packed with chronic anti-Semites and native fascists who screamed for the enactment of the ordinance. It was adopted without formal hearings or proper notice and virtually without debate. Speaking for immediate enactment of the ordinance were "Professor" L. C. Dodlan and Mrs. L. E. Bengé, the first in chronic attendance at all local gatherings of the anti-Semitic clan and the other a leader in the "Mother" isolationist groups.

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VOLUME I, No. 1, of *Point*, the news-weekly issued in San Diego by some of the employees of the San Diego Jour-

nal who lost their jobs when the *Journal* was taken over by the *Tribune*, devotes an interesting lead article to the activities of Wesley Swift, the Los Angeles anti-Semite. An admitted Klansman and one-time body-guard for Gerald L. K. Smith, Swift now runs what he calls the California Anti-Communist League, the San Diego branch of which masquerades as the Great Pyramid Club. Starting in 1945, Swift has run this operation into a \$40,000-a-year promotion. He also heads something called the Anglo-American Bible Study Group and a curious offshoot, the Anglo-Saxon Christian Congregation, the incorporation papers for which were handled by a San Diego lawyer formerly employed in the city attorney's office. Quite recently Swift was invited to speak by the Eastern San Diego Republican Women, at a local hotel, showing, again, that the "crackpot" or "fringe" element has gradually become more "respectable" as the times become more disreputable. Before the Republican ladies of San Diego, Swift pulled no punches; they received the "full treatment," including violent attacks on Justice Frankfurter, David Lilienthal, Henry Morgenthau, and Senator Lehman. Incidentally Swift recently bought for cash, a \$6,000 printing press. . . . Back in Los Angeles for a return engagement was William L. Blessing of Denver, the "Anglo-Saxon Israel Lecturer," speaking at the Embassy Auditorium. All Los Angeles—or 90 per cent of it—was indignant over State Senator Jack B. Tenney's attempt to block the appointment of Isaac Pacht to the Governor's Crime Commission. Judge Pacht is, in the best sense of the term, a distinguished community leader; last year he served as president of the Los Angeles Jewish Community Council. The protest, of course, went unheeded; it was merely another "dig," one further evidence of a runaway demagoguery that could become extremely dangerous. If all or nearly all of Los Angeles was shocked by the unprincipled attack on Judge

Pacht, all or nearly all of Los Angeles was pleased to read that two of the community's best known Jewish leaders, Oscar Pattiz and Edward Mitchell were honored by Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion in Jerusalem, in early September, for their "devoted service in behalf of the development and settlement of Israel." Both men received autographed copies of Israel's Declaration of Independence and bronze replicas of the Jewish state seal.

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BY THE TIME this letter appears in print, Californians will have elected a governor and senator and some twenty congressmen. I must say that the campaign this fall has been of a quality that defies analysis; there is nothing much to analyze. James Roosevelt has almost wholly failed to raise any real issues in his campaign to unseat Governor Warren, so that voters scarcely know that a campaign is under way. As a consequence, of course, Warren is a heavy favorite. In the senate race, Mrs. Douglas has conducted a spirited campaign against Congressman Richard Nixon—a man as small in size and as dapper in appearance as Dewey but even much smaller than Dewey in the meanness and pettiness of his outlook. Strange as it may seem, Nixon has created the impression that his opponent is Vito Marcantonio. He is seriously asking Californians to believe—and many of them will doubtless take the bait—that because Mrs. Douglas has voted in the same way as Marcantonio on a number of issues that "therefore" . . . In other words, Mrs. Douglas loves her children and since Marcantonio loves his (if he has any) "therefore" . . . in short "therefore" and more "therefore" in a series of grotesquely deluded non sequiturs. At this rate, we will soon be electing officials on the ground that they are "less like" Marcantonio than other officials. Since a jackass does not resemble a horse as closely as a mule, "therefore" the jackass is a superior animal.

BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of the CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 82 West Washington Street, Chicago 2, Illinois.

Next Year In Jerusalem: The Story of Theodore Herzl, by Nina Brown Baker. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 186 pp. \$2.50.

To her impressive list of biographies for young people of eight architects of their respective countries, Mrs. Nina Brown Baker now adds a life of Theodore Herzl, father of Israel reborn. The career of this great man had many elements of the fictional charm in which he excelled as a young writer in fashionable Vienna. Born to the comforts of a fairly well-to-do Jewish family, the handsome and gifted Theodore seemed to be poles asunder, physically and culturally, from the fate of the unwesternized and downtrodden masses of Europe. Yet he was moved to make their cause his own, dedicating himself to the realization of something which less imaginative souls termed "a mad dream."

How and why this came to pass is Mrs. Baker's story which she unfolds with considerable directness and effectiveness. She traces the fascinating spiritual hegira of Herzl from the assimilationist position of his home to the nationalist affirmation of the mature author of *The Jewish State* and the founder of the Zionist Organization of the World. Herzl took a doctorate in jurisprudence and was admitted to the Vienna bar. His real passion, however, had always been for literature. So it was not surprising that the twenty-four year old graduate forgot about the practice of law, betaking himself instead to Paris in order to enter upon a literary career. Here he penned plays and articles at a feverish pace, sending them to editors in Berlin and Vienna. A one-acter, *Tabarin*, was even produced in New York, an event which duly impressed Berlin literary circles. In 1888, still two years this side of thirty, Herzl scored a hit with his first full-length comedy, *His Highness*, which elicited praise from critics and

audiences alike. The next few years brought disappointments poulticed by a few modest successes; then in 1891 came the appointment as Paris correspondent of the distinguished Viennese newspaper, *The New Free Press*.

This assignment proved to be the turning point in Herzl's life and in the lives of millions of Jews the world over. In Paris he agonized through the *cause célèbre* of the period, the infamous Dreyfus Affair. He saw a fine French soldier and patriot degraded and sentenced to Devil's Island for the crime of being a Jew. Interpreting this sad spectacle aright, Herzl saw clearly that in the dock stood not an individual, Captain Alfred Dreyfus, but the Jewish people. From that fateful moment of realization until his untimely death in 1904, he was possessed by one and only one idea: to achieve an independent Jewish state where his people would live as by right and not on sufferance, preferably in their historic homeland, Palestine, but failing that, in any other part of the world. At his death this was still a hope but one which was already on the way to realization. The State of Israel proclaimed in 1948—even the date was provisioned by him—was fathered by a man of indomitable courage and Pisgah vision whose name was Theodore Herzl.

Mrs. Baker's *Next Year In Jerusalem* will not replace the standard biographies of Alex Bein and Jacob de Hass. She uncovers no new material and attempts no reinterpretation of the old; hers is rather a lucid, incisive restatement of what we already know. In this modest objective she succeeds admirably, so that the reader can easily overlook a few minor blemishes such as an occasional oversentimentalized passage involving Herzl and his devoted parents, or her references to his "oppressed race."

MAURICE M. SHUDOFKY

Ancient Hebrew Arts. by Adolph Reifenberg. Schocken Books. 173 pp. \$5.00.

About a century ago the famous French archaeologist, Felicien de Saulcy, came out with the devastating remark: "L'art judaïque n'existe pas, il n'a jamais existé." But even as recently as 1945 Samuel A. B. Mercer, Toronto's professor of Semitics, insisted that ancient Israel, while "a giant" in literature and religion, was insignificant in the field of fine arts (*The Supremacy of Israel*). The present, richly illustrated volume by Dr. Reifenberg, a teacher at Jerusalem's Hebrew University, may help shatter the erroneous notion that "The People of the Book" were both artistically unproductive and inimical to the plastic arts.

Recent discoveries in the Holy Land—carefully recorded by the author in a "Chronology of Palestinian Archaeology"—prove beyond any doubt that a) the references to ancient Hebrew arts found in the Bible as well as in the works of Josephus Flavius are based on facts, and b) that this art was quite different from that of other Western Asiatic peoples. The volume's first photos show the remains of the seaport and industrial hub of Ezion-Geber on the Red Sea, and huge stables at Megiddo: Israel's architecture goes back to King Solomon's era, and further. Reifenberg calls the—still existing—Siloam tunnel, which conducted the waters from a certain spring outside of Jerusalem's walls to the Inner City, a "masterpiece of ancient engineering."

As for interior decorations, beautifully made small ivory tablets were found in Samaria. While the subjects depicted on them show Egyptian influence, the inscriptions are often in Hebrew or Aramaic. Lamps, bearing the seven-branched candle-stick with lulav and ethrog; gold glasses displaying Jewish symbols or scenes from the Old Testament; and pieces of elegantly wrought pottery reveal "genuine artistry and high skill" on the part of anonymous Jewish craftsmen who lived two thousand or more years ago.

However, these excavations—now continued with great enthusiasm by the young State of Israel—do not only prove that there exists a definite link between the ancient artists and craftsmen and the Liebermanns and Chagalls, Glicensteins and Epsteins of our days—they also in-

dicate that our pious ancestors did not interpret the Second Commandment as forbidding, or curbing, painting and sculpture. Throughout the sixteen or seventeen centuries, dealt with by Reifenberg, animal and human figures were happily modeled by Jews; only representations of God were never shown.

It is also important to note that, while the ancient Hebrews were, inevitably, influenced by the civilizations of their neighbors, such as the Phoenicians and Egyptians, and by Greco-Roman culture, they did not merely borrow from the pagans—they transformed their borrowings, suiting them to their own spiritual purposes and ennobling them with metaphysical thought. The synagogues built in Palestine (and in the neighboring countries) after the destruction of the Herodian temple are, of course, based on the Roman-Greek basilica architecture. Yet the Jewish builders adapted their models to their own needs—for the Jews the synagogue was, not the home of the deity, but the meeting place of worshippers. In turn, the medieval architects wisely remembered the synagogue basilica when they erected the early Byzantine churches. Finally, Judaism and Judaic art influenced early Christian art in turning away from the natural to the supernatural, and in presenting subjects of transcendental rather than of material significance (see the murals of the Dura Europos Synagogue).

Ancient Hebrew Arts can be warmly recommended both as a scholarly treatise and as a handsome book—the layman, too, will enjoy viewing the two hundred or more striking illustrations.

ALFRED WERNER

Noses, by Harold M. Holden, M.D. The World Publishing Company. 252 pp. \$3.50.

Here is a 220 page book full of authentic information about the most conspicuous part of our anatomy—the nose. The subject is discussed from the standpoint of Anthropology, Physiology, Psychology, Literature, the stage, and, of course from the standpoint of corrective (plastic) surgery. There are numerous illustrations and many tables.

That the nose should have been given special supernatural significance is not surprising. Among primitives, the nose was looked upon as the gate for the Soul and for demons, in their entrance and in

their exodus. The Celebes Islanders fasten fishhooks to a sick man's nostrils so that the Soul may be held fast.

When we say "Gasundheit" or "God bless you" on sneezing we are confirming an old, old superstition, older than history itself.

In Genesis we read "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living Soul."

In Leviticus XXI which stipulates the requirements for the Priesthood, we read, "For whatsoever man he be that hath a blemish he shall not approach: a blind man or a lame, or he that hath a flat nose, or he that hath a limb too long . . ."

This would indicate that way, way back man associated physical deformity or ugliness with instability. Modern psychology can verify the truth of this, in some measure.

The Greek Drama employed masks for the actors. One mask denoted tragedy; another comedy. The salient feature was the shape of the nose. Stage directors of this day look for a Roman nose, or an aquiline nose, or a Jewish nose when they wish to depict certain characters. Cyrano de Bergerac and Jimmy Durante owe their fame to their noses.

The world's literature is full of allusions to the nose as depicting character; as reflecting temperament and the inner workings of our minds. Here the author has over-extended himself in giving too many citations to prove his point. For a book of this size this is too scholarly an approach. No one seriously doubts that a deformed or ugly nose can block the full development of one's personality, can make one overly self-conscious, and can distort one's point of view on life.

In caricature the shape of the nose is a most important element. While this art is too often used to annihilate one's political opponent, it need not be so. The true caricaturist's task is the same as the artist's. Both see lasting truths beneath the surface of mere outward appearance. Leonardo de Vinci is sometimes looked upon as a great caricaturist. He was fascinated with certain forms of ugliness and artistic expression of them. Caricature involves wittiness or simple ridicule rather than interest per se in the subject.

The author makes a plea for plastic surgery of the nose. Why carry around an ugly outpost that makes you a subject

for discussion and has devastating influences on your whole personality. The author cites interesting case histories of frustrations and despondence to the point where suicide was contemplated on account of distorted and non-conforming noses. These were entirely removed, like magic, by plastic surgery. It sounds very convincing.

The author does not mention the failures—those patients made worse by the operation. Nor does he mention the subject of plastic surgery among those who are seeking to escape from themselves by this surgery. I wonder if plastic surgery in those people would not aggravate an already existing neurosis.

I cannot end this review without mentioning a myth that has been exploded; that certain races have certain noses. The so-called Jewish nose has been found in a survey to be present in only 13% of Jews and much more commonly in Germans!

SAMUEL H. ROSENBLUM, M. D.

Punishment Without Crime, by S. Andil Fineberg. Doubleday & Co. 337 pp. \$3.50.

Punishment Without Crime is a popular guide on how to combat discrimination and prejudice. Its author, Dr. Fineberg, the Community Service Director of the American Jewish Committee, reflects the attitude and the methods of the agency for which he works.

Dr. Fineberg's book should be helpful to readers who are eager to fight discrimination and prejudice on an interpersonal level where for him discrimination begins. In order to be able to do so, Dr. Fineberg recommends to those who are confronted with prejudice ways to answer the bigot, to stop rumors from spreading, to make the prejudiced person look foolish, to demonstrate to the prejudiced person the folly of his ways. The author's recommendations in this respect are highly valid and useful, but as Dr. Fineberg himself suggests, these interpersonal methods will by themselves not help to free our society of bigotry and discrimination.

Dr. Fineberg recognizes that there are other ways of fighting discrimination and prejudice. These are the ways which the American Jewish Committee adopted very recently after condemning their use by the American Jewish Congress which

was the first of the Jewish agencies to employ them. They are the methods of legislation and social action. Dr. Fineberg takes no cognizance of Congress' fruitful pioneering achievements in this area, but imitation still remains the highest form of flattery.

However, Dr. Fineberg is not convinced as the American Jewish Congress is of the priority that must be given to legislation and social action if we are ever to rid America of the evil consequences of discrimination and prejudice as now practiced in employment, education, housing, public accommodation, etc. For Dr. Fineberg the major task is to deal with discrimination and prejudice on the interpersonal level. The author urges strong caution on the part of the "Victimian" (a name coined by Dr. Fineberg for the victims of racial, ethnic and religious discrimination and prejudice) not to be too militant in dealing with his detractors. A golden mean between militancy and gentleness is recommended, but when and where that mean should be followed is not made too clear.

Dr. Fineberg's treatment of the whole subject of militancy is a not too subtle attack on the American Jewish Congress' methods which call for exposure of the evils of prejudice and discrimination to the full glare of public notice. Dr. Fineberg's "silent treatment" (re-named by him as the Quarantine Treatment) illustrates his hesitancy in exposing the rabble-rouser with all the media of our day for the transmission of information. So he tells us:

"To thwart the rabble-rouser's ambitions it is necessary, therefore, to acquaint persons in influential positions with the true facts about the hate-peddler, and to do it in such a way that he will not become a glamorous figure in the eyes of his potential followers. Don't use the newspapers, the radio, or other public methods; instead, write letters, use the telephone, make personal visits." (Author's italics.)

Nevertheless, Dr. Fineberg in his indecisive manner in dealing with most of the major problems would not be too reluctant about giving publicity to rabble-rousing in general. But the rabble-rouser is to be spared. Tell the individuals who own the radio stations, control the press, and manage the halls about the "Little Kodfish," but don't let the American people know about him lest they follow

him. It does not make much sense to me. It makes as little sense as the American Jewish Committee's refusal back in 1933 to share with the American Jewish Congress in holding protest meetings at Madison Square Garden to denounce Hitler.

One should also be silent about the prejudices that make for vandalism, Dr. Fineberg tells us. If a Jew-hater smashes a Jew's store-windows, don't charge him in the police court with prejudice but with the crime of vandalism. If he is thus doubly charged, Dr. Fineberg suggests, he stands less chance of being punished by an American jury. I quote Dr. Fineberg: "Juries have freed lynchers after fervent appeals to rid themselves of prejudice in reaching a verdict . . . They do not condemn the killer more severely because he was guilty of both murder and prejudice. On the contrary, they reckon prejudice as a condoning, mitigating factor in the crime."

No one can deny that there are juries where the victim of prejudice will not have a full chance to secure justice, but I am convinced that we shall never rid our nation of prejudice if we are silent about it in the courts or in the market place. Prejudice when it is given outward form in violence is no less a crime than murder itself. To mitigate the crime of murder motivated by prejudice by failing to point out the motivation is to flout justice.

Certainly it will not help to diminish the extent of prejudice by withholding information as to its appearances, though Dr. Fineberg would do so for the opposite reason that it might only spread prejudice. We helped to get rid in good part of the dread disease of tuberculosis and are now doing the same with cancer by publicizing it and its murderous affects on human life. Through information we get at the causes of all disease, physical, social and mental. But Dr. Fineberg is not overly concerned with basic causes. We see this in connection with his minimization of the important effect of the economic system on the whole problem.

Having said much that had to be said about the weaknesses of Dr. Fineberg's guide for combating discrimination and prejudice, it should be said that it still contains some very helpful material on meeting these issues on the interpersonal level; much profit can be gained by studying its lessons in this area and applying

them to our daily lives. However, the record of the last years in the progress made by legislation, court decisions and social action will show that infinitely greater hope for equality of treatment and better human relations will be achieved in militantly employing the newer methods on a broad, public level.

MORTON M. BERMAN

Society and Thought in Early America: A Social and Intellectual History of the American People to 1865, by Harvey Wish. Longman's, Green & Co. 612 pp. \$4.75.

When I recall the dry, factual, political histories which we were required to read in my student days I envy the present generation whose pabulum is more succulent. Social history is more vital than political history, military history, or economic history unless the latter really depicts the lives of the masses sympathetically. What we want to know, and what is best worth knowing, is how our ancestors lived and thought, to understand, insofar as possible, what they were really like, wherein they resembled us and wherein they differed.

Professor Wish's volume, the first of two, the second to cover the period subsequent to the Civil War is one of the histories in the modern manner. Parrington's book set the pattern in this new approach and has been the controversial model for other works in the same style.

Controversy is inevitable among cultural historians, for facts of a verifiable sort are not the issue, but the interpretation, the relative values of "facts." Cultural history includes virtually everything pertaining to man and this is so vast a subject, the bulk of records so great, that selection is imperative. Selection depends upon the personality of the historian. He includes in his report what seems most significant, most illuminating to him. Also, if his history must be confined to one or two volumes he has little space to quote literary sources and give to his readers the living voice of some contemporary of the events which he records. He must summarize, condense, and in so doing the animation fades and his history becomes what most histories are, baled hay rather than the green grass.

Professor Wish's book is necessarily summary in character, necessarily selective. Its perspective and conclusions will

be subject to the criticisms of other historians who will no doubt disagree with many of its judgments and quarrel with its emphases. The general reader will find it instructive, its various chapters documented in scholarly fashion, and its format and illustrations excellent. It is an attractive book.

CARL H. GRABO

A Time to Keep, by Peter Neagoe. Coward-McCann. 281 pp. \$3.00.

"The wise and tender chronicle of an old-world childhood," the publishers call this warm reminiscing about a happy period of a young boy's life in Roumania before politics and harsh realities intruded upon his consciousness. Here in the rich Transylvanian plains, the day to day living was idyllic. When mother asked Uncle Gerasim what was the natural way of life he answered, "The natural way for healthy men and women is to eat well, drink a little too, exchange gifts, live in good, clean homes, raise families, and when they need buy something for their pleasure, buy it without counting the money paid for it more than twice."

This is the way the people in Peter Neagoe's book live, people who "are not poor, only not rich," who find their joy in food, love, religion, and each other. There is something compelling in the elemental beauty of Peter Neagoe's writing, and for most everyone it will recall a bit of the best of his own childhood.

BEATRICE LEVIN

Eliakum Zunser, by Sol Liptzin. New York: Behrman House. 248 pp. \$3.00.

Though he died only thirty-seven years ago, Eliakum Zunser somehow seems to be a legendary figure of an age long past. But then this heroic "badchen," this minstrel and poet of the people, was a legendary figure to his own contemporaries almost from the beginning of his career as a bard and singing "preacher."

In a biography notable for its restraint and for the fact that it makes three-quarters of a century in the history of the Russian Jews come to life, Dr. Liptzin gives us a stirring portrayal of Zunser as a boy and man, husband and father, pioneer of Yiddish literature and Zionism, improvising literary virtuoso, entertainer, preacher, prophet, and business man. He shows, one might say, the heroic spirit of Zunser in action, his creative fecundity,

his awe-inspiring courage in the face of personal tragedy, his marvelous ability to infuse hope and fortitude into a whole people by means of verse and song.

Dr. Liptzin does not attempt to evaluate critically either Zunser's poetry or his musical compositions. And it is well that he doesn't for two reasons. One is that Zunser's poems and songs seem to have come out of the people through him rather than having been "created" by him in the usual sense. The other is that the effectiveness of both his verse and his music depended so largely on his own rendition.

Without using dramatic devices Dr. Liptzin has given us a book that is deeply moving. Its effect would be even more profound had he given us more of the feeling of growth and development, of struggle and change in the character and personality of his protagonist. Even so I feel deeply grateful to him for producing a book which is a living monument to the spiritual and moral greatness not only of Eliakum Zunser but of the whole nineteenth century Russian Jewry.

JACOB Z. JACOBSON

Horn in the Dust

By

SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

"Schwartz is one of those poets for whom language is not only a means of expressing experience but also a force in creating it. . . ." —David Daiches

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Available at all book stores - \$2.00

Our Religious Traditions, by Sterling P. Lamprecht. Harvard University Press. 1950. 99 pp. \$2.00.

The rise of the inter-faith movement in the past two or three decades has occasioned a need for a clearer understanding of the three major faiths. Sterling P. Lamprecht, Professor of Philosophy at Amherst College, has tried to promote such understanding of Judaism, Catholicism, and Protestantism through this little book. Incidentally, the book seems to have evolved out of a series of stimulating lectures delivered before the Ethical Culture Society of New York.

In a superficial way, Prof. Lamprecht essays to grasp the kernel of truth in each religion by pointing to its strength and revealing its weakness. Judaism, says Mr. Lamprecht, has always been built around the idea of a sustained covenant which has bound Jews into an enduring community. The Jews chose Yahwah as their God and Yahwah was believed to have chosen them as His people. The prophets later disclosed the ethical purport of a society founded in covenant. Later groups within normative Judaism—the Pharisees in particular—refined the covenant relationship until the pious Jew, no matter what fortune did to him, was committed to a loyal fulfilment of God's will.

The problem for Judaism in the Twentieth Century is far different. It is, says Lamprecht, "to discover whether the heritage of the religion of the covenant can be preserved with undiminished power in the midst of the accelerated changes that modern civilization has promoted and is still promoting." Lamprecht feels that Reform Judaism has not met the challenge of the hour. It may have attuned Judaism to the currents of modern life, but "it has also purchased its gain at a price, the price of weakening sensitivity to the basic idea of covenant."

Professor Lamprecht shows here little understanding of the influence or the idea of the Reform Movement in the history of Judaism. He is convinced that Judaism is essentially a covenant idea. In the process of reducing the sum total of three thousand years of Judaism to this interesting generalization, he fails to discern the meaning of the Reform idea or its philosophy. His analysis here lacks background; his conclusion invites challenge.

The author tries to synthesize the "genius of Catholicism" by first noting

the effect of two divergent elements within the Roman Catholic church. Catholicity is the universal repository of great humane traditions—those elements of grace that non-Catholics know so little about; while Romanism is the particularistic influence which caused the church to seek the privileges of empire and power and which led its spiritual leaders to claim infallibility in dogma and separateness for its institution. Romanism insisted that the church alone possesses the keys to the kingdom of salvation and that it alone can dispense grace through its prescribed sacraments. While Catholicism is the breeding-ground for true beliefs, noble desires and fine sentiments, the Roman Catholic church has turned authority into domination and, continues Lamprecht, "is false to its genius" when it insists upon its Romanistic tradition as being the sole agency to heaven.

The chapter on Protestantism brings out clearly the historic necessity of protest out of which the movement arose. The clear distinction drawn by the author between Protestantism and Catholicism reveals why Catholic and Protestant seem in frequent antithesis to each other: "A Catholic, on the one hand, is a man who regards religion as so important that he dare not trust his unguided opinion in matters which concern his salvation, but chooses rather to submit his opinion to the authority of a great and tested tradition. A Protestant, on the other hand, is a man who regards religion as so important that he dare not allow anyone else to fashion his opinions for him, but insists upon the right to work out his own salvation for himself." The major problem of Protestantism, argues Lamprecht, is the nature of freedom. What shall the Protestant, free of the tyranny of Rome and the restraints of dogma, do with this spiritual freedom? Herein lies the dilemma of the thoughtful Protestant.

In the chapter simply labelled "Conclusion," the professor of philosophy argues that Judaism, Catholicism and Protestantism have basic weaknesses largely because their followers have not adopted Hellenistic insights. Suddenly in the closing pages of the book a new element is introduced. What is this Hellenism? It is nothing less than the philosophic discipline gleaned from the ancient Greeks from Homer to Aristotle. So, what modern religion really needs—and here is the nub of Lamprecht's argument

—is a set of values critically evolved from a philosophic point of view! Modern religion needs Hellenism, i.e., ancient Greek philosophy. "The imperative problem before religious men today is to place the three great historic truths on a more truly Hellenic basis."

Professor Lamprecht has sketched an interesting argument, but he has done no more than a thumb-nail sketch. He could be taken seriously by serious religionists only if he developed his arguments into a full volume. As the present work stands, it is a neat little essay, well written in simple philosophic prose, and generally sympathetic to the essential aspirations of the three major faiths. The book may be of interest to workers in the interfaith movement or to students taking collegiate courses in comparative religion. But it should be read only by those who know how to avoid the temptations of over-simplification.

RICHARD C. HERTZ

Paris Poems, by Harry Roskolenko. Lithographs by Zao Wou-Ki. Paris: Editions Euros. 18 pp. and 6 lithographs. Privately distributed.

Fingerboard, poems by Marshall Schacht. New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc. 63 pp. \$2.25.

Annie Allen, by Gwendolyn Brooks. New York: Harper & Brothers. x + 60 pp. \$2.50.

Mr. Roskolenko lyricizes a thesis about Paris. In a word, Parisians have "love without children," and therefore Paris is empty and done. Now many visitors from east, north, and far west have written much the same, loosing clean Jeremiads from behind their home borders. Roskolenko, still a visitor, at least is sorry for poor Paris, and sorry for himself—sorry the gorgeous creature is dirty, sorry she has to die, sorry he can't help loving her.

If his theme were psychological—beauty and decay, the old fight between desire and reality—Paris could be his symbol as well as a rose or a woman. But too often it is sociological—descriptively so—and in that vein his 18 lyric pages don't quite seem adequate for his somewhat Spenglerian thesis. Now and then, though, there do appear some sensitive images directly catching his own ambiguous feeling:

It [the Seine in a mist] is a French
painting softly breaking
The air, the crucifixion of gentility
Standing in vapor in the midst of
nothing.

The book has been beautifully printed and delicately ornamented with lithographs—in Paris.

Mr. Schacht's lyrics would seem more sociological than Roskolenko's if you disregarded his manner of speaking. One short poem will describe an odd character seen on a train, another a country scene; one whole group is made out of New York City. No special thesis emerges, but from the surface the materials seem simply to describe what this or that looks like.

Yet the best of these poems are phrased with a perceptive twist or a dry, understanding wit that, it seems, could only have come from a sympathetic union between himself and his object. It seems as if contact with each scene or character had brought as much realization of something in the viewer's own nature as of some trait in the outward nature of reality. "Personal," though, is not the effect at all, because the very blending of the outer world and the inner personality seems to create a positive universal character that is not personally emotional any more than it is impersonally material. Frequently Schacht equates this blending with the artistic process, and some of the best poems directly deal with objects of painting or music.

Now as long as "it seems" so, well enough, and why look too hard. Many of the poems, though, leave off description for thought-casting, laying down a too ready neo-Wordsworthian mysticism. And always the country is buxom, jolly, and pure; the city, haggard, lonely, and clogged. And seven or eight times out of ten the rhythms are in the easy, optimistic flow of Frost or Masfield. But all are pleasant reading, never puzzling. The best make a strong and singular impact.

At least until the last group, however, Miss Brooks' poems of Annie Allen are gripping. That word is seldom used for good poetry, I suppose, but these Annie Allen poems tell a tense story. There is a heroine, and although there is no villain unless it be society, there is a constant tension between the outer nature of Annie's world and her inner life of feel-

ing. In strong and widely-varied images we see both natural human desire and the social pressures which turn desires into ill-guiding dreams, then into caprices, at last into memories.

In 30 pages Miss Brooks builds and enlightens a complex experience which many a novelist has left in a shambles long after 300 pages. The first part, done in short poems or moments from Annie's early life, takes her from impish, look-alive, high-dreaming girlhood in Bronzeville, through her bewilderment when she learns how her race is balked. The second part, a ballad called "The Anniad," begins with a courtship that is the more passionate from Annie's double need for love, then tells how her lover-husband, whose race-consciousness demands fierce compensations, humbles her emotionally through a gaudy infidelity, and, having returned to her humbled himself, still must leave her withered at last by flinging his life away in a sure-death mission at the German front.

As story-materials, these *could* be mainly emotional ("romantic") or they could be mainly ideological, sociological. Yet the real material here, the reading-experience itself, while made up of both those kinds, is really neither, but something more. It parallels the tension between inner and outer worlds that is dramatized in the heroine, but it actually takes place in the reactions of the reader.

In a way, the poems are "narrative," always either third person or dramatic monologue, never the author's own admitted voice intervening with comment or personal sympathies. But they are no mere rhymed telling *about* these people, no chronicle, no case history, never in the report-style that vitiates so many well-intentioned novels. For instance, there is no attempt at the documentary detail, "local color," either for settings or for people's speech. All of that has been melted by the author's insight and fused into a new and varied set of words and images. These have grown from her own inner understanding of the outer facts—facts both psychological and sociological—and of all that the facts involve in terms of human experience. They image forth the *character* of the outer, sociological setting, the *character* of Annie's inner life, the *character* of the human relationships.

The narrative approach keeps this character objective, as it were a part of.

outer reality; the fused images give it a life conceived within a human personality. In other words, we are not reading a set of facts or a set of sympathies. We are presented with a chain of completed concepts, intricately composed, concepts combining both *how* Annie's life *feels* and what it is and means. In "The Anniad" Miss Brooks is ready to call frankly for this act of exterior concept: "Think of . . ." are the first words of the ballad, and from time to time lead off a stanza:

Think of ripe and rompabout,
All her harvest buttoned in . . .
Think of thaumaturgic lass
Looking in her looking-glass . . .
Think of almost thoroughly
Derelict and dim and done . . .

That this way of viewing also has strong narrative flow is partly due to an amazing rhythmic skill. Prevailing, the rhythms are strongly beaten in the good old-fashioned dance or ballad style, the style that carries everyone up without stopping to individualize anyone's feelings. Subtly or strongly, though, the piercing words are always varying this flow, and though the main beat recovers beautifully, the total pattern is strongly marked by those many individualized variations.

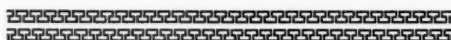
You can read this poem-sequence for its story. You can read it for its sociological views. But in spite of yourself you could hardly help being taken with it as a world of its own, which you move fast in and yet slowly look at, both always with fascination, because it is so like your own dimly-known world yet so clearly to be felt and seen.

SAMUEL K. WORKMAN

New Star In The Near East, by Kenneth W. Bilby. Doubleday & Co. 279 pp. \$3.50.

This reviewer recalls the enormous increase in circulation the New York Herald Tribune enjoyed during the Arab war against Israel immediately following the proclamation of the Jewish State on May 14, 1948. This growth in circulation was due, in a great measure, to the brilliant and objective reporting of the New York Herald Tribune's correspondent in Israel, Mr. Kenneth W. Bilby.

Mr. Bilby arrived in Tel Aviv to wit-



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ness the departure of the British soldiers from Palestine and the proclamation of the birth of Israel. For more than two years, in difficult times of war and occasional periods of peace, he visited every part of Israel, met with and interviewed the political leaders of the Arab League and was deeply impressed by the leaders of the State of Israel and with the spirit of high morale of the fighting men, women and children of the new State. He has now written a book *A New Star Rises in The East*.

Many books have flowed from the pens of recent visitors and residents in this always fascinating little country from which has emanated so much of the world's religious and cultural heritage. Mr. Bilby's book is a welcome addition to the rapidly growing literature on the emergence of a new state which was made legal through the decision of the United Nations and a reality through the heroism of Israel's brave fighting men and women.

The reader will learn through this book how meaningless and unfounded are the alibis of Arab League spokesmen for the defeat of the Arab nations by the Israelis, and will learn that unfortunately the Arabs believe they have lost only a battle but not the war. He quotes Azamm Pasha, the fiery secretary general of the Arab League as saying, "It may take 100 years and if 500,000 Arabs are killed that will not stop us—we have millions more and we are a patient people. Palestine will belong to the Arabs."

The reader will also learn of the authenticity of reports emanating from Israeli government officials as to the military plans of the Arab League. Mr. Bilby writes, "I fully believe the high official in Israel who said that we can buy all of the Arab informants we need for 5 LP."

Mr. Bilby left Israel very much impressed with the intelligent, gifted and self-sacrificing men who are now at the helm of the Israeli government. He has high tribute to pay to Mr. Ben Gurion, Mr. Moshe Sharret and other government officials. He dissipates the fear in some quarters that representatives of the religious bloc want to establish a theocracy and are intolerant of the lack of religious observance on the part of a segment of the community. He is disturbed by the feudalism he found in the Arab states and describes seeing a woman, more dead than alive, lying in the gutter twenty yards

from the gate of King Farouk's palace with no pedestrian heeding her plight. His Arab guide and companion in Cairo, an important official, shrugged his shoulders and said "Oh, she is probably just asleep." He describes the misery, suffering and beggary in the capital cities of the Arab world without any substantial attempt made on the part of the leaders to alleviate this condition. He contrasts this with the deep and genuine interest on the part of the Israeli government officials to create in Israel not only a political democracy but an economic democracy as well. He refers to Dr. Ralph Bunche who said, "That in spite of the tangled situation in Israel, racked with war and rebellion, Israel has nevertheless become a *vibrant reality*. Israel is composed of an enduring fabric here to stay." He paraphrases the remarks of Ben Gurion that no longer were the Jews beggars in the ante-room of the mighty. Now they stand on their own feet equal among equals and they alone decide what course destiny is to take. Mr. Bilby points out the contribution the United Nations made to the establishment of Israel, but that without the fighting spirit and courage of the men and women of Israel and the support of world Zionists, particularly American Zionists, the course of events in this new state might very well have been tragically different.

Here is a book that will bring to the informed as well as to the uninformed, a clear and vivid picture of what has transpired in Israel. Mr. Bilby is a highly intelligent observer and a most gifted reporter.

WILLIAM Z. NOVICK

American Labor Leaders, by Charles A. Madison. Harper & Brothers. 474 pp. \$4.00.

This book is subtitled *Personalities and Forces in the Labor Movement*. The author views it as the story of labor's self-consciousness and economic strength, a human story dealing with the first slow and then rapid progress of organized labor in this country, a story in which petty and big figures weave in and out.

Labor's early efforts are covered in chapters which detail the transformation of craftsmen into wageworkers and the work of William H. Sylvis, called America's first "labor's champion," and Uriah S. Stephens and Terence V. Powderly,

the leaders of the defunct Knights of Labor. "The American labor movement experienced a painful and prolonged infancy," the author justly says.

He then goes on to discuss, in the second part of his book, the American Federation of Labor, and one is tempted to conclude that the infancy of American labor was even more painful and prolonged than Mr. Madison asserts. The A. F. of L. personalities receiving extensive treatment are, of course, Samuel Gompers, William Green, William L. Hutcheson, John Mitchell and John L. Lewis. Then, less obviously, there is a chapter dealing with the path from the sweat-shop to industrial leadership in the garment trades, culminating in the rise of David Dubinsky.

All of which is capped by the story of The Congress of Industrial Organizations (C.I.O.), in which, in addition to John L. Lewis, the central figures are Philip Murray, Sidney Hillman, Walter Reuther, and Harry Bridges, all dynamic forces tending in different directions.

The essential facts about all of these men and their unions are given in generally sound, sometimes shrewd, and almost never inspired fashion. The book is certainly a good brief guide to a subject of increasing importance. The casual reader will gain much by going through it and following up by reading some of the works listed in the Bibliography.

Mr. Madison's final chapter is worth particular attention:

"Feeble and frustrated until the 1930's—constrained by a court-enforced social lag and repeatedly scorned or crushed by ruthless employers," Mr. Madison says of organized labor here—"it has under the benign ministration of the New Deal developed the strength to subdue powerful corporations and swing national elections. Though not nearly as potent as their enemies claim, the upward of 15 million union members—already habituated to unionism as a way of life and ready to fight for it with determined loyalty—are indeed a force no industrialist or politician can ignore."

The workers, he says, are not a class-conscious proletariat; indeed, they distrust all ideologies, Marxian or otherwise. Their desire is simply for first-class citizenship, and not alone purely economic gains. They want status, he says; they want to be recognized as having a legitimate stake in their jobs and in society. Most large employers, "inured to autocratic control of their plants," are insensi-

tive to the causes of discontent among their workers, he thinks. Hence many of the difficulties and dislocations of today. There is "a jockeying for dominance between entrenched industry and an increasingly potent and self-conscious labor movement."

Mr. Madison is of the opinion that American workers are bereft of enlightened leadership; that the once bright clear flame lit by the C. I. O. is dimmed; that Murray and his supporters differ little from Green, Woll and Hutcheson; that Lewis, the ablest of the laborites, has wilfully dissipated his right to leadership. Yet he feels that "workers will gradually obtain the security, the dignity, and the approbation they seek gropingly yet hopefully," that circumstances will forge the right men at the right times.

This is a good book for both employers and employees to read and for those of us who are a little of both.

ELMER GERTZ

Israel Diary, by Bernard M. Bloomfield. Crown Publishers. 182 pp. \$2.50.

This is a day-by-day account of a seven-week visit to Israel by the author—a businessman, who "had never written for publication." The author and his brother, both citizens of Canada, went to Israel in the spring of 1949 to see the ancient Jewish homeland and to plant the first young trees of the Bloomfield Memorial Forest, named after their father who had reared his sons to be good Zionists. The letters to his wife in Montreal and the notes of his travels throughout the length and breadth of Israel form the basis of this book.

Despite the many shortcomings, the book contains a fairly informative account of conditions in Israel at the time the Jewish State was rounding out its first year of existence. There are picturesque descriptions of Israel's urban and rural life, the people and their day-to-day problems, the leading personalities, etc. Most interesting perhaps is the three-day sojourn into the Negev as far as Eilat on the Red Sea, and the tour later through the Galilee. Generally, one is constantly aware of the geographic limitations and the diminutive size of the Jewish State. In his simple manner the author successfully conveys that feeling of space limitation to the reader.

It is a work of love and no little feeling.

It is written by a modern pilgrim to the Holy Land, and one does not expect a pilgrim to be coldly objective or unemotional. As such, it is an interesting travelogue. It could have been much more interesting and on a higher literary plane if the language had been polished up in places and a little more description included instead of mere mention of names. In short, good editing would have improved it considerably.

MURRAY FRANK

Pilgrim People, by Anita Libman Lebeson. Harper & Brothers. 624 pp. \$6.00.

The emergence of the State of Israel having become an accomplished fact, the Jews of the United States who have helped on a gigantic scale in the establishment of the new nation will doubtless be called upon for some time to come to succor its builders. No other source wherefrom to draw relief and assistance is in sight. None may appear in the foreseeable future. No Israelite need, I believe, feel reluctant or unsure about expecting solidarity or sympathy from fellow Jews anywhere. Particularly from those in America. But for the grace of God and the free institutions of the United States the position of the petitioner and the donor would have been reversed. This finding, among others, may be drawn from Mrs. Lebeson's work, *Pilgrim People*.

It may still come to pass that from quarters yet unnamed the miasmal breath of anti-semitism will compel swift measures for the rescue of the remaining Jewry in Europe. While it will be—as it must be—the task of all humanity to prevent a repetition of a Hitler holocaust it will be nonetheless the American Jews who will have to spearhead the drive to minister to the beaten and the broken, the famished, and the desperate. The Americans. Jews. Now five million of them. For the *Pilgrim People* is but the continuing story of a folk whose history is comparable to no other saga and whose is the sorry distinction of possessing it. Where others, elsewhere, sought and often gained the right for civilized existence, the Jew fought for sheer survival. Until he reached the United States.

And here too the beginnings were unbearably hard, the road to recognition grim and tortuous and not too infrequently there marched alongside of the

early settlers the spectral forms of prejudice and hatred, of repression and of persecution. And some of the hideousness of the intolerance of yesteryear persists in our very day . . . And that from the day in 1621 when Elias Legardo came to Virginia and Jacob Barsimson settled in New Amsterdam; from 1658 when the first fifteen Jewish families arrived in Newport from Holland. Persecuted Jews, all, who came to the American colonies from the West Indies, and from Europe, in search of a haven, to earn a livelihood and the right to practice their religion. Hard life made of them sturdy pioneers who, like others, fought the elements and the Indians and soon carved for themselves a niche in the new environment. Uneasy were those times for the immigrants from the European ghettos; for there were transplanted on the new soil creeds and dogmas which denied them the right to worship their God and some, like the puritan, Cotton Matter, tried to convert them to Christianity. Yet there were men like Rogers Williams, who spoke boldly for the "Rights of the Jew against the bloody tenets of Persecution."

The Jews built synagogues that served also as their first meeting places and they taught their children to respect their spiritual heritage. Until the Revolutionary War, until the powerful pen of Thomas Jefferson brought forth the Declaration of Independence, and subsequently made his own state, Virginia, a battleground for religious freedom the Jew fared badly in quest of equality. As a matter of fact, some of the Eastern and Southern states contained clauses in their constitutions disqualifying Jews from public office until as late as 1876; New Hampshire and North Carolina, for instance.

The Jew shirked no responsibility in identifying himself with the struggles of his new land. Small in number—there were but four thousand Jews in the United States during the War for Independence and only sixty thousand at the time of the Civil War—the Jew bled and died on the battlefields and gave all or most of his substance to help achieve victory. Mrs. Lebeson cites impressive records of the contributions and the sacrifices of a people who loved their country and proved their devotion at supreme cost. Washington and Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and Lincoln, John Charles Fremont and Andrew Jackson, Woodrow Wilson, Theodore and Franklin Roose-

velt, testified to their courage and integrity of purpose.

The Jew was ubiquitous and indefatigable in his loyalty to his land. The author's canvas is tremendous. She writes in minute detail of the spirit of a whole people and of individual exploits. She cites single characteristics and, she expatiates upon mass movements. There are chapters which deal with the Jews as journalists, lawyers, soldiers, business men, and theologians. She traces the story of the early schism in the structure of Jewish institutional religion in the United States and the first organized Zionist activities on American soil. Visionaries and dreamers, men of wealth, the teeming thousands in the slums of big cities parade through her pages; the story of New York's East Side and what it was like when millions of Jews came rushing to America in 1881 and later to escape Russian slaughter. She writes of the men and women who influenced these eager early settlers and helped harness their energies for a respected place among fellow Americans. She tells of Samuel Gompers and of Sidney Hillman, of Benjamin Cardozo and of Louis Brandeis, of David Dubinsky and Felix Frankfurter, of Isaac Mayer Wise, and Stephen Wise, of Bernard Baruch and Adolph Ochs. And of women . . . Rebecca Gratz and Emma Lazarus, Lillian Wald and Henrietta Szold and . . . others. Each a humanitarian, an American and a Jew who sought by example and precept to contribute intelligently and generously to the sum total of human happiness.

Pilgrim People, is rich in content, large in scope and though in places over lavish in detail is extraordinarily easy to read.

It is written by a scholar, who, though absorbed with her subject yet maintains the objectiveness of a trained historian. It should be read to understand the American Jew. To know why his love for this land may never be questioned or impeached. Anita Libman Lebeson in her *Pilgrim People* had made all that clear, and more.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, etc., of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, published quarterly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1949. Required by the Act of Congress August 24, 1912.

Before me a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared BENJAMIN WEINTROUB, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner, editor and publisher of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations.

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher—Benjamin Weintraub, 82 West Washington Street, Chicago 2, Ill. Editor—Benjamin Weintraub. Managing Editor—none. Business Manager—none.

That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Benjamin Weintraub, 82 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

There are no bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1950. (Signed) BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

(Signed) Carl B. Sussman, Notary Public.

My Commission Expires May 26, 1951.

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

